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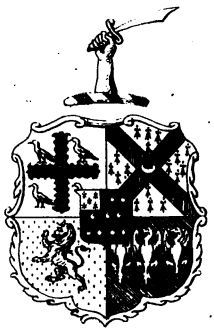

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TREVELYAN.

VOL. II.

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LONDON:
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Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

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TREVELYAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
(SUCCESSOR TO HENRY COLBURN.)

1833.

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TREVELYAN.

PART I.—CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XI.

Well! thou art happy, and I feel
That I should thus be happy too;
For still my heart regards thy weal
Warmly, as it was wont to do.

Thy lover's blest, and 'twill impart
Some pangs to view his happier lot;
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

BYRON.

IT was a dark, stormy evening: the wind blew chilly down the river, ruffling its usually smooth waters, and whistling dismally through the rigging of a barge moored close below the garden. No cheerful Twickenham bells, no

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notes of distant music, met the ear; no gaily-freighted wherries cut through the stream; but all seemed gloomy and deserted. A cold, nervous shiver crept over Theresa's frame. "Where shall I be at this time next year?" she ejaculated to herself, with that restless desire to look into futurity which a new and strong interest always inspires. "With whom?" she would have added, had not remorse checked the rising inquiry, for she was conscious that her hopes placed another than Trevelyan at her side!

Thus, lost in thought, she remained leaning on the wall of the garden, watching the scudding clouds, until they broke over her head, and she was driven in by the rain. She found Miss Trevelyan sitting before an almost extinguished fire, the faint glare of which alone lighted the room. She started at the sound of the opening door, and seemed to endeavour to rouse herself from her sad reverie. "Ring the bell, my love," she said directly, "that we may have candles, for it is such a dismal

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evening, we had better shut it out, and try and forget it."

But Theresa, instead of obeying, silently stole towards her, and then, throwing herself into the arms of her benefactress, burst into tears. Miss Trevelyan wept also, as she fondly kissed the flushed cheek of her on whom she had liberally bestowed the warm feelings of a heart which had so longed for an object on which to rest,—of her whom she had loved even with a mother's tenderness,—and who, she once thought, would have secured her brother's happiness and cheered her own declining years.

For some time neither spoke. Theresa was kneeling before her friend, having hidden her face on her knees. "Oh, forgive me!" she at length exclaimed; "forgive an apparently ungrateful wretch—and be still my friend—help me, advise me. In pity speak to me," she continued, passionately clinging to Miss Trevelyan, who had still remained silent.

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Observing the excessive agitation of the poor girl, Miss Trevelyan, as well as she could, checked her own feelings. "Calm yourself, Theresa," she said, in a kind tone of voice; "and do not be so unjust both to yourself and to me, as to think I can be unreasonable enough to *blame* you for what has happened. God knows, it is myself whom I take to task. For now—when too late, alas!—I see my error. I should have foreseen all this.—But, exempt as I was in my youth from those trials to which your peculiar situation and attractions exposed you, I have been to you a useless friend! Heaven in kindness imposed on me one responsibility—gave me one duty—and I neglected it—for it was I who should have defended you from those dangers which so particularly threatened one of your ardent character—but, instead of that, alas! I seem to have abandoned you to your fate! So, indeed Theresa, it is I who should ask forgiveness of you."

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"Dearest, dearest Treevy," said she, "you will break my heart by talking in this manner. It was no fault of yours, but that of your wilful child, who allowed herself to be led blindfold into a course which has made her appear the most ungrateful of wretches: or rather it was, indeed, from the very first, a power she could not resist."

"You say true, Theresa," rejoined Miss Trevelyan with solemnity. "There is indeed a power we cannot resist, which overrules our destiny, and to that power I submit. Theresa, pray for him whose heart is broken—for him who now thinks but of your happiness—in whom *self* is dead. He bade me tell you to set your mind at rest—that he was going to busy himself in bringing about, if possible, your heart's desire. His last words to me were, 'Be kind to Theresa; tell her that if it is in her guardian's power to secure her felicity, no being on earth shall be so blest.'"

Theresa's renewed sobs were her only reply.

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"Had you but duly valued him," continued Miss Trevelyan; "had you but fully known the noble heart which was devoted to you!—But there is no use in recurring to what might have been," she added, with a deep sigh. "May you be happy! May I but see my poor brother restored to peace of mind, and I will contentedly give up for myself those interests in life—that solace—to which—" Miss Trevelyan's voice became choked with emotion, and she stopped short; then, after a moment's pause, recovering herself, "Leave me, dearest Theresa, now," said she, in a feeble voice; "go to your own room, and compose yourself. I am fatigued—not well—and the agitations of to-day have quite overcome me. To-morrow I shall be better, but to-night I am unequal to any conversation, and wish to be alone."

Still Theresa remained on her knees before her. "Do not," she eagerly exclaimed, "do not think me such a wretch as not properly to

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value a character, a heart, only too good for me. If you knew the gratitude, the admiration, which I feel for your brother; but ———"

We will talk no more now," said Miss Trevelyan, again interrupting her, and raising her from the ground; "so good night, Theresa, may God bless you! And now go and seek some rest, for I am sure your poor swollen eyes need it, and your wounded heart must need it also as well as mine."

Several days passed, and this painful subject was not renewed. Miss Trevelyan's nerves seemed to have been already so much shaken, that Theresa was fearful of adverting to what might again agitate them. She heard nothing from her guardian, nothing from her lover— and all cheerfulness at home was gone. "Hope deferred makes the heart sick,"— and Theresa's turned in disgust from all those interests and amusements which had formerly made the hours glide by so quickly. The pianoforte was never opened — the broken

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strings of her guitar were left unrepaired—the open book before her remained unread.

"This suspense, Theresa, is, I know, hard to bear," at length said Miss Trevelyan, one day, after having for some time gazed on the fixed, absent countenance of her companion; "but still I say, trust to my brother. The evening he left us, I know he intended to return at once to Trevelyan Castle, in search of St. Ives; he is, you know, Lord Herbert's particular friend, therefore, we need not fear any very unfavourable report from *him*," added Miss Trevelyan, with an encouraging smile. "We could not possibly yet have heard from Frederick, and, as for Lord Herbert, you know he told you in his letter that nearly a week must elapse before he could receive his father's answer, and till he does, every thing forbids his again addressing you: so that I honour him for his silence; therefore, cheer up, dear Theresa, and let me again see one of those smiles which used to be such a cordial to my heart."

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Day, however, followed day, and still no letter came, while Theresa became hourly more and more absent and dejected. Unequal to any occupation, she passed the weary hours in restless abstraction, listening to every sound, and staring vacantly from the window of her apartment on the road beneath, in the vague expectation of what — or whom — she could hardly have told.

At length, one day, while stationed at her usual post, she suddenly gave a start, and all her blood seemed to rush from her heart to her cheeks; for she saw two persons walking hastily down the road towards the house; and *one* was so like — so very like! — she eagerly looked at his companion! It must be — it *was* — Trevelyan — Trevelyan leaning on Lord Herbert's arm!

Theresa's heart beat nearly to suffocation, and, half fainting, she drew back from the window. — The door-bell rang — presently she was summoned down stairs. — Her trembling

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limbs could scarcely support her—the door of the drawing-room was open—some one came hastily forward to meet her and took her hand; —it was Trevelyan!

"I have brought you no unwelcome visiter, I believe," said he in a tone which endeavoured at cheerfulness, but whose altered accents made her shudder, and he led her on. He placed her hand in that of another, and then in a hurried manner saying, "I need not apologise for leaving you for a few minutes to go in search of my sister," he rushed out of the room.

All this had been so sudden, so unexpected, that Theresa felt bewildered, and in a dream; her head swam round, and she sank into a chair; but in an instant the well-known accents of a beloved voice recalled her wandering senses, for Lord Herbert was at her feet breathing into her delighted ears the most passionate vows of love and constancy—and Trevelyan was soon forgotten.

We will leave her lover to relate to Theresa

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all that had passed since they had parted at Trevelyan Castle—how he had counted the hours until the arrival of that anxiously expected answer from his father, which had at last fulfilled his most sanguine hopes; he told her too of his meeting with Trevelyan, and of his open disinterested conduct. "He is a noble fellow after all," continued Lord Herbert, "for he has behaved most generously to me, and therefore I certainly of all men am most bound to feel for him."

And could any one have forborne feeling for him, who had seen him, after thus resigning to another the being he adored, rush,—not to his sister's apartment—but to the solitude of his own, where he no longer endeavoured to check the torrent of grief which burst from his suffering heart. Woe to her who wrings such sorrows from such a heart! —for tears like these seem to claim the pity and retributive justice of Heaven itself.

It was long before Trevelyan composed him-

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self sufficiently to encounter his sister. Their meeting was naturally most painful; and it was some minutes before he had courage to advert to the agitating subject which occupied them both. At last, with a sudden effort to overcome his feelings, "I have made every possible inquiry respecting Lord Herbert," said he speaking very quickly; "St. Ives is warm in his praise; but, knowing well how little the report of one thoughtless young man is to be trusted with regard to the character of another, I employed Mr. Penrhyn, who is, you know, distantly connected with Lord Falkirk's family, to obtain for me the information I desired, and the result of all this is—" Trevelyan's voice faltered—"that Lord Herbert has just accompanied me hither!"

As he uttered these words, Trevelyan hastily rose from his seat, and paced two or three times up and down the room. Then, again returning to his place, he continued, but in a still more perturbed manner, "I trust I have

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acted right. I believe—I hope—he is honourable, amiable — he has been thoughtless and extravagant, I fear, but his father undertakes to pay all his present debts, that he may set out free, and he on his part undertakes to prove by his future conduct that he is fully sensible of his rare good fortune."

A deep-drawn sigh here again choked Trevelyan's voice, but in a minute he once more proceeded. "At all events, I have acted to the best of my judgment; for, as far as I can learn, there seems to be nothing in his character or conduct which could have justified me, under all circumstances, in refusing my consent, particularly now that she is of age."

"But," interrupted Miss Trevelyan, "could you not, as her guardian, as one empowered by her father to decide on the most important event in her life—could you not at least have suggested the reasonableness of delay, that they might both have had time for consideration, and be better able to ascertain their own

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sentiments, for Theresa is really so very young, and the acquaintance, after all, has been so recent, so slight;—it is, in short, an infatuation rather than an attachment. If you were to promise your consent in a year—or even in six months, provided both continued in the same mind—Surely you might go thus far!"

"No, Louisa, no," said Trevelyan hastily, stopping her, and shuddering as he spoke. "It is impossible; circumstanced as I am, I cannot do it; I must not, dare not, run the risk of being in *that* manner responsible for her future happiness. Were I *but* her guardian I might, I would perhaps, have acted as you suggest; but as it is, honour, indeed some still stronger feeling which I cannot define, every thing in short, forbids my interfering any further than to ascertain that, in relinquishing her to another, I act up to the sacred promise which I made to her father, to the awful responsibility which I took upon myself. How little did I then think I was vowing my

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own destruction!—sealing my own fate!—Spare me, Louisa," continued Trevelyan, in a broken voice, and clasping his hands as if in mental agony, "spare me, for I am weak, miserably weak, and you must not torture me by suggesting possibilities, doubts, against which I have been arming myself with all the resolution I could summon."

There was a pause: Miss Trevelyan looked in pity, almost in alarm, on the agitated countenance of her brother; for, having by her peculiar fate in life been spared all those feelings which now wrung his soul, she could scarcely even comprehend them. And who will say that she had purchased exemption from such trials too dearly, even by a youth devoid of all its natural charms and illusions, and an after-life of cheerless solitude!

Trevelyan at length became more composed. "Of course, Louisa," said he to his sister, "you will ask Lord Herbert to stay here to-day, and dine with us; he sets off to-night for

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Scotland, in order to settle with his father all necessary preliminaries to his marriage; and it would be cruel to them both not to allow them to pass this one day together. I also need not, I am sure, ask you to assist me in playing my hard part, for we must not cloud this bright moment in her existence by letting her see all the misery of which she is the cause; and now you had better go to them, and I will join you as soon — as I am able," he added with a convulsive sigh.

As it may be readily supposed, Lord Herbert accepted Miss Trevelyan's invitation, and showed his gratitude by doing every thing in his power to lessen the unpleasant feelings of all concerned; and no one was ever better fitted for carrying off the awkwardness of such a meeting. He talked for all; and there was an ease and liveliness in his conversation which captivated and amused even those most prejudiced against him. He was full of attentions to Miss Trevelyan. He caressed Oscar, admired

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her work, discussed the books which he saw lying on her table, although unacquainted with them but by their titles, and never having read even thus far until the moment before. With his eyes fixed on Theresa's lovely face, he descanted on the charms of a quiet domestic life, on the swift flight of hours passed in rational occupation, in short, he possessed in so peculiar a manner the talent of being "all things to all men," that gradually Miss Trevelyan herself, although naturally prepossessed against him, was drawn into friendly communication, and grew to wonder less at Theresa's partiality.

Trevelyan did not join them until dinner-time. Theresa was then silent and preoccupied: but although so unlike her usual self, yet her glowing cheeks, the bright glance which she occasionally cast on her lover — the smiles which played round her lips, as her ears greedily listened to each word he uttered — all plainly showed the joy within. Once, and

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once only, she raised her eyes towards Trevelyan, for the sight of his altered countenance was too painful to be again ventured upon. Till then, he had so well disguised his feelings, had assumed such easy cheerfulness, was so friendly towards his happy rival, that he had deceived even Theresa herself, and she began to think that she had exaggerated his sentiments with regard to her.

But that one single glance told her the real truth. Although he had manfully played that hard part which he had imposed on himself, and to which he had braced his nerves, yet such an effort could not be made with impunity, and ten long years could scarcely have changed him more than the last ten days which had elapsed since their departure from Trevelyan Castle. His cheeks were sunk and hollow; the fire of his eyes seemed gone; his food remained untasted before him, and the wine, in which he at dinner felt himself obliged to pledge Lord Herbert, had alone produced those feverish spirits which for a time deceived her.

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As soon as their repast was over, the evening being fine, Lord Herbert obtained leave from Miss Trevelyan that Theresa should accompany him for a short time by the river-side. Any one who has ever been in love, and who has wandered with the object of that love on the banks of the Thames, need not be told of the rapture of that first *tête-à-tête* walk; and it would be cruel to tantalize those who are ignorant of such things by a description of them.

On their return home, Lord Herbert vehemently petitioned for the Neapolitan barcarola. Theresa pleaded the broken strings of her guitar, and the time which it would take to tune it. "Oh, I will mend them! I will tune it! I will do anything, promise anything, if you will only sing it to me; for this evening would not be quite complete without that song;—with it, oh, how perfect!" said he in a lower voice, as he put the instrument into her hands. At its very first sound, Trevelyan left the room, and did not return to it until Lord

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Herbert was about to depart, which he did soon after ten, having to ride back to town that night.

"I also intend to leave Richmond to-morrow," said Trevelyan to his guest as he took leave of him, "but you know where to write to me, and I shall depend upon your informing me in time when I am to expect to meet you again."—Trevelyan accompanied Lord Herbert down stairs, and did not again return to the drawing-room that evening.

After their departure, Theresa sat immoveable as if in a trance. Miss Trevelyan gazed on her for some time in silence; then, kindly going up to her, with a smile on her face, although tears trembled in her eyes, "Poor dear Theresa!" said she, as she kissed her flushed cheek, "what a bright day this has been to thee! May Heaven in its mercy grant you many such!—if indeed happiness so great be not too much for poor, weak, human nature, to enjoy."

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Theresa threw herself into her friend's arms. "Oh, how kind you are to me!" she exclaimed; "so kind, it almost makes me unhappy; I feel so little to deserve such indulgences. But you must now own, Treevy," said she, looking with eager, sparkling eyes into her friend's face — "you must own there never was any one *so* agreeable!"

"Yes, I confess it," replied Miss Trevelyan; but she sighed deeply as she spake. "I will allow Lord Herbert's manners and conversation are very agreeable, very—*irresistible*, I suppose."

"Thank you, thank you," dear Treevy," exclaimed Theresa, as she again clasped her arms round her friend's neck. "I was sure you could not help liking him."

"It is with reluctance I allow I cannot;" said Miss Trevelyan, shaking her head as she mournfully smiled; "but we will talk no more about him now, for I fear I know too well

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where such discussions might terminate—at least with me."

Trevelyan had said nothing to Theresa relative to his intended departure from Richmond; he took no leave of her that night, and next morning when she came down to breakfast, he was already gone.

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CHAPTER XII.

One struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last, long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again! BYRON.

THE end of May was fixed upon for the celebration of Theresa's marriage. During the five or six intervening weeks she heard constantly from Lord Herbert, who was still detained in Scotland by business, and his letters breathed nothing but love, hope, and happiness. Miss Trevelyan also frequently heard from her brother, but from whence Theresa never learnt. No reason was ever assigned for his continued absence, and she had not courage to make any inquiries. Indeed, as if by mutual consent, her guardian was scarcely ever named

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by either of them, nor was the approaching event in Theresa's life oftener alluded to than was unavoidable, for it was a subject which gave rise to so many contending feelings in them both, that neither could wish to discuss it. Besides, Miss Trevelyan had been particularly unwell of late, and Theresa, dreading the renewal of any agitations, was too thankful, when the day had passed in tolerable cheerfulness, to advert to any thing which might disturb its serenity. She plainly saw that her kind friend made every effort to conquer, or at least to conceal, her present depression of spirits. She saw too, that, far from now seeking her society as before, she seemed rather upon principle gradually to wean herself from it, and to resume her former abstracted solitary habits.

All this at times sadly pained Theresa, but a girl of eighteen, desperately in love, thinks more of her lover, than of her friend; and, with four hundred miles between her and the object of her passion, no companions could be so

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agreeable as her own thoughts, indeed of late she had experienced too many painful feelings of self-reproach, when in Miss Trevelyan's society, not to acquiesce readily in this partial suspension of their intercourse.

The 27th of May at length arrived, and brought Theresa a letter from her guardian. He informed her that Lord Herbert was just returned from Scotland, and that on the following day they would both come to Richmond, and bring a lawyer with them, in order to complete the necessary forms and signatures preparatory to her marriage, which it had been previously settled should take place on the 29th.

All seemed now hurrying to a crisis, and Theresa felt in that nervous, and even depressed, state of spirits, which those the most in love perhaps feel the most on the eve of marriage.

Early on the 28th Lord Herbert arrived, and one of his brothers with him; he was

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laden with kind letters and wedding presents from all his family; his brother expressed the most flattering satisfaction on their approaching near relationship, and poor Theresa, thus the object of universal love and kindness, felt herself at the summit of human felicity. Trevelyan and the lawyer came at the appointed time; the papers were all produced, and the necessary signatures made. Trevelyan appeared to be wholly occupied by the business of the moment, and little passed between him and Theresa but what was absolutely necessary as relative to it. He too, of course, signed the marriage-contract, but his signature was scarcely legible, and, as soon as the whole was finally completed, he hurried to his own room, and there remained the rest of the evening.

Lord Herbert appeared to be, if possible, more in love than ever, still more agreeable, and still more assiduous in his attentions to Miss Trevelyan.

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He informed Theresa that one of his sisters, who had returned from Scotland with him, and was now staying with a friend in town, would repair next morning to Richmond to be present at their marriage, and that she had been cruelly disappointed by some unforeseen impediments which had hindered her accompanying him that day to Miss Trevelyan's, in order to make an earlier acquaintance with her new sister.

How intoxicating is that new world of interests, of affections, of exultation, which seems thus to open to a young girl when on the eve of marriage! all around appear but to exist for her, and this world itself seems to assume another character, and to partake of the perfections of Heaven.

At eleven, Lord Herbert and his brother repaired to their hotel in the town. When, on leaving the house, they passed the door of Trevelyan's apartment, he came out to them. "We meet to-morrow morning at the church,"

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said he, in a low tremulous voice. Lord Herbert merely pressed his hand in reply. "I believe there is nothing more to arrange between us," resumed Trevelyan — "so good night," and he shook hands with both the brothers.

"Good night!" repeated Lord Herbert, "and pray go to bed soon, for you look quite worn out."

A strange, ghastly smile crossed Trevelyan's face, which was deadly pale, "to-morrow night I shall have full time to rest, but I have business now, which must be settled; so farewell until to-morrow at eleven."

"Faith! Herbert," said the brother as he and the bridegroom walked home arm-in-arm, "I must confess I almost wonder at the fair Theresa's preference of you to her guardian: do not be affronted with me," said he, laughing, "but I really never saw a man whom I could sooner fancy a woman might fall in love with, and he seems so miserable, and yet behaves so

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nobly and unselfishly, that I almost hate Miss Howard for giving him up for you; I am sure I should not have done so in her place, and I very much doubt, Herbert, whether you would have acted as honourably in his."

"Perhaps not," said Lord Herbert; "but I am not sure, that if I were a woman I should like my lover the better for being so very unselfish; for I suspect there can be no very great affection where there is such *disinterested heroism*, as you call it."

"I do not agree with you," resumed his brother; "Colonel Trevelyan is evidently struggling to overcome feelings too deep and violent to be easily conquered: only look at his countenance; you never saw such expression, so much character, where there was not strong feeling. I pity him from my heart, and again I say you may be proud of being preferred to such a man, and to one of the handsomest fellows, too, I ever saw, though he appears at this moment so much out of health; in

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short, I heartily wish for his sake that the 29th of May were over, for he is exposed to a most cruel trial."

"For my part I wish it were come," said Lord Herbert, and with those words the brothers parted.

After Lord Herbert's departure, Miss Trevelyan and her young friend sat for some time in silence, for poor Theresa's heart was full: it had an excess of happiness it could scarcely contain, and yet was oppressed by those saddened feelings which naturally visit any woman capable of such a sentiment as real love, on the last evening she spends under the roof that has hitherto sheltered her, though she expects the morrow will unite her to one dearer than all the world besides.

Theresa's whole soul was given to her lover; no mean worldly calculation with regard to those advantages of rank and consequence, which her union with him seemed to promise her, had ever caused one additional throb

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of exultation to her impassioned heart, which with singleness of devotion was his alone: still, when, after Lord Herbert's departure, the event of the morrow seemed suddenly to rush on her mind in startling certainty, and when, casting her eyes around, she recollected that in a few hours she must bid farewell, perhaps for ever, to all those objects which seemed by long habit to be identified with her very existence, and which were moreover so intimately connected with the unexampled kindness she had experienced; when all these thoughts suddenly forced themselves upon her, it may be doubted, whether Theresa, like many others thus circumstanced, would not have welcomed a few hours delay as a blessed reprieve!

Feeling that her emotion was at last getting beyond her control, she hastily rose from her seat, and embraced Miss Trevelyan in silence. One long, fervent kiss, one low murmured blessing, were all the expressions of love and regret to which Miss Trevelyan trusted her-

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self to give way when parting that night from her adopted daughter.

Weeping and depressed, Theresa repaired to her own apartment; all there looked comfortless, every thing being packed up for her journey on the morrow; all those objects which belong to daily occupation, and which give to an apartment the look of life, had disappeared; the tables were cleared of their usual litter, and where formerly stood her portfolios and music-books were now piled trunks and imperials; these preparations for the great change in her life about to take place forcibly affected her, and, being in too agitated a state to think of sleep, she dismissed her attendant, and, throwing up the sash of her window, she seated herself by it, welcoming the fresh night-breeze which seemed to quiet her nerves.

It was a lovely night. The fleecy clouds were slowly gliding across the moon; the air was embalmed with that delicious perfume of vegetation belonging to early spring; a profound

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silence reigned around, only occasionally broken by the clear notes of two nightingales, who were "holding converse sweet" in the adjoining gardens.

Suddenly the sound of voices in the room below, which was that occupied by Miss Trevelyan, attracted Theresa's attention. She could not distinguish the actual words spoken, but, as the window of that lower apartment was also open, she plainly recognised her guardian's voice, and, instinctively, withdrew from her seat. She took up a book and endeavoured to read, but it was impossible; and still the low melancholy sound continued nearly unbroken in the room below, nor did it cease till the hours of twelve, one, and two, had in succession been proclaimed by the clock of the neighbouring church—of that church where she was on the morrow to fix her fate in life for ever. When the last mentioned hour struck, the conversation seemed suddenly to terminate; the door below was then gently

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opened and reclosed; footsteps were heard slowly descending the stairs, and in a minute all was still.

Theresa awoke next morning agitated and bewildered by her dreams. Again sounded the same bell from that church, whose steeple, outlined against the moonlit sky, having been the last object in her eyes the night before, had, perhaps, in consequence, occasioned such gloomy dreams! At the sound, which she still connected with the horrid visions of her sleep, she started from her pillow and looked fearfully around, almost dreading to see them realized; but the bright rays of the morning sun resting on her wedding-dress, and other preparations for the day's event and journey, alone met her eyes; and those objects, at once overcoming the effect of her visionary troubles, excited too many real emotions to let sleep last any longer. She, therefore, although it was only seven o'clock, rung for her maid, who, having apparently been as wakeful

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as her mistress, soon appeared, bringing with her a note from Colonel Trevelyan.

In an instant a thousand strange apprehensions, probably still suggested by her late dreams, took possession of Theresa's mind, and it was some time before her trembling hand could untwist the piece of paper which had been given her; but when she at last succeeded, and had cast her eyes over its contents, she almost smiled at her sudden superstitious alarm, for she found merely these words:— "I shall not be at home to breakfast, therefore you may fearlessly join my sister, who I am sure will be much the better for your society, and wishes to see all of you she can. Remember, you must both be ready by eleven. F. T."

Restless, incapable of occupation, and anxious to escape from the presence of her attendant, who, like all others of her profession on such occasions, was packing up, and bustling about with most provoking activity and importance, while scarcely able to restrain the already

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prepared *ladyship*, trembling on her lips,—Theresa left her room in order to repair to the garden, where she hoped to remain unmolested and unseen. As she descended the stairs, little Oscar, who had soon recognised her footsteps, came barking and bounding towards her, expressing by every demonstration in his power his joy at so unexpectedly seeing her. When the feelings are strongly worked upon either by joy or sorrow, the most trivial additional circumstance has then power to affect us. Thus, even the poor dog's caresses came as a reproach to Theresa's heart. "Yes, Oscar," said she, mournfully, "we will have our last walk together; *we* may part friends, at all events!" And they together descended towards the garden.

On reaching the lower passage, she observed that the door of Trevelyan's room was open, and instantly stopped, holding her breath, as she dreaded the possibility of meeting him. —She listened for a minute—but not a sound

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was to be heard—and she therefore ventured, though cautiously, to advance. — Again she stopped to listen !—All was silent.

Satisfied now that no one was in the apartment, she approached the door, and gently pushing it aside, entered. The bed had evidently never been lain upon; the floor was strewed with pieces of cord and torn paper; and on the table, instead of the books and letters usually scattered about, now stood a solitary writing-case, well secured in a strong leather cover. A vague feeling of anxiety, and even of remorse, shot through her heart at these evident preparations for some final departure, and she hastily cast her eyes round the room, in the hope of seeing some object to contradict her fears; but on the contrary, all confirmed them.

Everything belonging to her guardian had disappeared, and placed near the door was a ready-packed and corded portmanteau, — a travelling-bag—and lying on them a military

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cloak and sword—a direction-card caught her eye; and removing the cloak, which covered the words, she read this address — "Lieut.-Col. Trevelyan, H. M. S. Undaunted. Spithead."

What could all this mean? Whither was he going? To what was *she* driving him?—for her conscience immediately told her that she herself must be the cause of this concealed, this seeming desperate resolution! And Treevy! her benefactress!—what would become of her, thus at once bereft of all her companions!

These sad ruminations were suddenly checked by the sound of approaching footsteps, and, with a throbbing heart, Theresa darted out of the room, and hurried to the garden.

Had Lord Herbert there beheld his bride, the sight of her self-accusing affliction might possibly have given rise to no agreeable feelings of doubt and jealousy. But such doubts would have been as cruel as unjust. No heart

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ever beat with a stronger pulse of love than Theresa's did at that moment for her lover; but parting, and under such peculiarly aggravated circumstances, from the only beings who had hitherto shown her kindness, and governed solely by the impelling emotion of the moment, grief was perhaps now uppermost, and her mind was in consequence agitated by all those vague doubts and apprehensions for the future, with which an unsteady character is so constantly perplexed. Theresa remained in the garden until summoned by John to breakfast. Miss Trevelyan was already in the room. Though she looked worn, and her eyes were heavy, she kindly held out her hand to Theresa as she entered, and assuming a smiling countenance—

"Oh, you naughty girl," said she, "for disobeying my orders, and sitting up all night, as I know you did, for I heard you moving about in your room last night long after two o'clock, and although I went in search of you,

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this morning, as soon as I was up, you were already flown. What have you been doing with yourself all these hours?"

"I could not sleep," said Theresa, "and Oscar and I have been taking our farewell walk together in the garden."—Theresa's eyes filled with tears, as she spoke these words.

"Well, there is no use in my scolding you now," said Miss Trevelyan, kindly kissing her. "Another will soon take you in hand, one who, in all probability, will spoil you still more than even I have done! So God help thee, my poor Theresa! But now make tea for me, my love—for the last time," she added, looking mournfully in her young friend's face.

"You, Treevy, have had no sleep either, I am sure," said Theresa, who, after having done as her friend desired, gazed on her for some time in silence; "and I fear you are not well."

"I cannot say I am," replied Miss Tre-

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velyan: "but it is nothing; and I dare say I shall sleep to-night; for," added she, in a dejected tone, "all agitation will then be over, and I shall have nothing else to do."

Scarcely a word was spoken by either of them during this melancholy repast, from which both seemed to turn with disgust. As soon as the forms, therefore, of breakfast were gone through, Miss Trevelyan left her seat. "Give me your arm, my love," said she: "it seems fine, so I will take a turn in the garden, and try if the fresh air will revive me a little, as I really fear I do not look at all fit for a wedding."

When there, and with Theresa's hand clasped in hers, she continued to walk for some time in silence. It seemed as if she had some painful secret at her heart which she could not impart, and which weighed it down too heavily for her to be able to speak on any other subject. Theresa's mind was also oppressed with anxiety, longing for, yet not having courage, to demand

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an explanation of those military preparations which she had seen in her guardian's room. More than once she was on the point of questioning her companion on the subject, in the faint hope of hearing that her apprehensions were unfounded, but each time the words died on her lips, as she feared even to allude to her suppositions. Indeed, she dared not trust herself to pronounce her guardian's name.

Miss Trevelyan at length, with a seeming effort over herself, suddenly addressed Theresa: "I need not, I am sure, ask you to write to me often," said she, "your letters may, in some degree, make up to me for the loss of yourself, as it will be such an interest to me in my lonely existence to follow your brighter path in life."

"Lonely!" repeated Theresa; "will not—your brother———"

"Oh, you know I cannot expect that Frederick will be always with me," said Miss Trevelyan, hastily interrupting her. "But

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do not think that I am complaining of being left alone; do not fancy that I feel at this moment any thing but joy at your approaching happiness, although I shall in consequence lose my companion; besides, we soon get *used* to everything, and your letters will be such delightful events in my life, that those days on which I shall receive them will be marked as *fêtes* in my calendar; and after all, how much better off I shall still be than before we were acquainted — before I had a daughter — and there was no one in whose happiness I could participate. So we will not take leave, dearest, for we can really scarcely call that a separation which still allows us to share in each other's interests and pleasures."

While Miss Trevelyan thus spoke, she was secretly brushing away with her hand the tears which slowly stole down her face, unwilling to betray their existence to Theresa by the sight of her handkerchief. "But come," she added, looking at her watch, "it is time we should go

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and dress ourselves, for Frederick told me he should be here between ten and eleven."

Theresa again and again embraced her benefactress. The word "*adieu!*" was not uttered by either of them, for it would have sounded like the acknowledgment of feelings which each was anxious to conceal from the other.

Theresa was scarcely dressed, when Miss Trevelyan entered her room. She had now assumed a cheerful countenance, although it certainly was an expression sadly at variance with the state of her mind. "See," said she, "how smart I have made myself, to do honour to your wedding, Theresa; I am sure you never saw me so fine before; and no one, probably, will ever see me so fine again," added she, with something between a smile and a sigh, "for I do not think there is much chance of my being again called upon to act the part of superannuated bridesmaid. Come, come, no more tears, my love; we must all now be gay and happy; and see, how bright the sun shines upon

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you; the threatening clouds have all dispersed! Come, let me finish dressing you,"— and the kind-hearted Miss Trevelyan busied herself in arranging Theresa's bridal attire. "Hark! there is the door-bell," said she, as she was gazing in admiration on the lovely bride. "I dare say it is Frederick, who is come to summon us. I suppose I may tell him we are all ready." Theresa drew a long breath, but did not reply; and Miss Trevelyan left her to join her brother.

Some time passed while each moment added to Theresa's nervous agitation; at length she heard a knock at her door, and concluding it was her maid come to complete her arrangements, she called to her to enter.

The door slowly opened, and Trevelyan himself appeared. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes sparkled with a fearful lustre, and, hurrying up to her, he sat down at her side, and took her hand — but at first appeared totally unable to speak.

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In a minute, however, making a violent effort to command himself, "Theresa," said he, "you cannot have imputed the manner in which I have of late estranged myself from you to want of kindness on my part, or want of interest in your welfare; I thought this separation was the best thing for us both, as it spared us much additional pain." Theresa pressed his hand in silence, and he continued: "I could not, however, let your wedding-day pass without one word — one keep-sake — which I hope you will value as a memorial of—him who loved you" . . . . .

Trevelyan stopped, he felt himself unable to express what he wished, for overpowered by his emotion, his tongue would outstep his intentions. "Here," said he, producing a small jewel-case, "here is my wedding present; you will, I know—wear it for—for your guardian's sake!" He opened the case which contained a bracelet, and with trembling hands clasped it round Theresa's arm. "Beneath,

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that stone is my sister's hair, I knew you would value that; and see the date, that of your marriage, the 29th May, 1800."

"Why did you not give me some memorial of yourself, also?" said Theresa, half reproachfully; "why was not there some black hair mixed with the auburn?"

"No, Theresa, no!" said he, speaking very quickly, "you must have no memorial of one whose existence must in future be separate from yours; you have now another friend, another guardian" . . . . .

Trevelyan gasped for breath, but, soon recovering himself, and suddenly casting his eyes on the clock which stood on the chimney-piece, "Come, it is the time," said he, "we must go," and he rose from his seat. Theresa held out her hand to him as if in farewell.—"Farewell! farewell!—best beloved! —dearest!" exclaimed Trevelyan, as nearly beside himself he strained her to his heart, and imprinted one long, fervent kiss—his first—

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his last—on her forehead! Then throwing over her the bridal veil, he hurried her down stairs.

Miss Trevelyan was on the landing-place waiting for them; not a word was spoken—they entered the carriage—it drove on—and in a few minutes they were in the vestry.

All those who were to be present at the ceremony were already arrived; the bridal party consisting of Sir Henry and Lady Williams, and the bridegroom's brother and sister. They proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony immediately commenced.

At that part where the priest demands, "Who gives this woman away?" Trevelyan moved forward—Theresa felt his cold trembling hand take her's, and place it in Lord Herbert's; the mutual vow was made—the nuptial benediction given—Herbert Leslie and Theresa Howard, were pronounced to be man and wife!

When the whole was concluded, there was a momentary pause; Lord Herbert first moved;

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he led his bride from the altar and the rest followed to the vestry.

On leaving the church Miss Trevelyan looked anxiously round for her brother, and saw him still standing at the spot where the ceremony had taken place, leaning against the railing of the communion-table, with his eyes fixed and his countenance pale as death. Much alarmed she hastened up to him, "Frederick," said she, taking hold of his arm, "are you not well?"

Trevelyan started, "Oh, it is nothing, merely a slight giddiness," said he, passing his hand over his forehead. "But it is over—are they gone?" added he, seemingly endeavouring to rouse himself.

"They are all gone to the vestry," replied Miss Trevelyan, "and you know your signature is once more necessary."

"True, true," said he with quickness, "I had forgot," and he hurried after the rest.

The last forms were gone through, all pre-

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sent signed their names to the marriage-contract, the new-married pair drove off, and the rest followed to Miss Trevelyan's house.

When she and her brother arrived there, Theresa had left the drawing-room in order to change her dress for her journey; for Lord and Lady Herbert Leslie were first to spend two or three weeks at the Cumberland lakes, and then to proceed to his father's in Scotland.

As soon as the usual congratulations on such occasions were over, Sir Henry Williams went up to Trevelyan, and drew him towards a window at the furthest end of the room.

"My good friend," said he, "you must take care of yourself; you are not well, I am sure; and I have been thinking that, as you and your sister may feel it dull without your young charge, you cannot do better than come and spend the remainder of this day with us. There will be nobody with us—so do come."

"A thousand thanks for your kindness," said Trevelyan, taking his friend's hand, "but I really cannot."

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"To-morrow then," said the kind-hearted Sir Henry; "for I am sure it will be better for you than remaining alone, and you really must now think a little of yourself."

"I have thought of myself," replied Trevelyan mournfully, "and I intend to leave Richmond directly."

"Well, perhaps that is the best thing you can do. Where are you going to—into Cornwall? Hey?"

Trevelyan was silent for a moment, and then proceeded,—"I do so hate taking leave, I meant not to have told you of my intentions, but I should make an ungrateful return for the kind interest which you take in me, if I did not now inform you of my future destination. My friend General Hutchinson, is, you know, gone with the expedition to the coast of Spain. He has been most kind to me, and, knowing that I wished to leave England for a time, he has proposed that I should join him as military secretary. Captain Stanley, who is a cousin of

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mine, has not yet sailed. If I can reach him in time, he has promised to take me out; and I hope to be at Portsmouth this evening."——

Sir Henry looked at Trevelyan for a moment in silence; tears rushed into the old soldier's eyes. "You are a noble fellow, faith," said he, kindly laying his hand on his shoulder; "you deserve better luck; and, indeed, I cannot help in some degree blaming myself for all this, for it was at my house that they first made acquaintance; but, on my honour, I had not then a suspicion of her fancy for him, although I very soon saw——" . . . . . .

"Hush, hush," said Trevelyan, eagerly interrupting him, "do not let us talk of the past; do not, I beseech you, unfit me for the remainder of my task."

Just then Theresa re-entered the room, leaning on Miss Trevelyan's arm, and ready prepared for her journey. Trevelyan started. "One effort more," he murmured to himself, "and it will be over."

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Lord Herbert hastened up to his bride, and in a low voice informed her that every thing was ready for their departure. He then took leave of his brother and sister, of the Williamses, and Miss Trevelyan. Trevelyan went up to Theresa, and drew her arm within his.—She once more held out her hand to her dear Treevy; according to their agreement, they did not bid each other adieu.—Theresa said not a word to any one else, but, in silence, and without again even raising her head, left the room with her guardian. The hand which pressed Trevelyan's arm trembled violently, and he heard her stifled sobs.—He hurried her down-stairs—one convulsive grasp of her hand as he placed her in the carriage—and all was over.

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CHAPTER XIII.

The timid eye I dared not raise,
The hand that shook when pressed to thine,
Must point the guns upon the chase,
Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,
Honour, or own, a long adieu;
To all that life has soft or dear
Farewell—save memory of you.

SCOTT.

WHEN events of such importance were taking place at No. 1, Paragon Row, it cannot be supposed that the inhabitant of the next house would be an uninterested spectator; particularly when that inhabitant was the *Honourable* Mrs. Hopkins, a lady who took so lively an interest in the affairs of all her

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neighbours. By cross-questioning the clerk the Sunday before, the day and precise hour fixed on for the wedding had been ascertained, and in consequence the whole neighbourhood was, early on the 29th, on the alert; for a marriage was too unusual an event in this elderly female society not to occasion considerable sensation and be duly appreciated. In order "to be ready for whatever might happen," Mrs. Hopkins had that morning breakfasted half-an-hour earlier than usual, that her repast might be "all comfortably over by ten," and that nothing might interfere with the unremitting attention which she intended to pay to the high road and the proceedings next door. A dozen of her most particular friends had been all separately and mysteriously invited to come and partake of the sight; and, as Mrs. Hopkins was too well-bred a person not to relinquish to her visiters the front and best places at her windows, she was at an early hour seen mounted on a chair

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behind them, having from thence a commanding view of all around.

Any one possessing less patience, faith, and hope, than Mrs. Hopkins, would have been wearied of her watchful employment long before any object had appeared to reward these cardinal virtues. For, as the reader knows, it was not until a full hour after she had mounted guard, that Miss Trevelyan's carriage, with a pair of common post-horses, made its appearance; and although, during the intermediate hour, the sound of the bell at the next door had thrice given rise to the welcome report of the arrival of the bridegroom, and had collected all the watchful virgins to their post, the alarm had each time ended in disappointment, as, instead of the expected lover, they had only seen the twopenny post, the milkman, and the butcher's boy.

At length, however, John, with his coat well brushed, his shoes well cleaned, and a large nosegay at his button-hole, issued from the

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house, giving the last finishing stroke to his hat. He opened the carriage-door, and, with a look of vast importance, put down the blinds and pulled up the windows. But many a long minute again passed unmarked by any circumstance of interest, and again the spirits of Mrs. Hopkins and her company began to flag.

At just five minutes before eleven, however, the white-veiled bride at last appeared on the threshold of the next house. She sprang into the carriage, Colonel Trevelyan and his sister followed—John mounted the barouche-seat—they drove off—and were out of sight in an instant!

"And is that all?" exclaimed the whole party, in unanimous disappointment and indignation. "Well, if ever I saw such a marriage! Not a single bride's-maid! Not a carriage following — was there ever anything so dull and stupid! What strange beings those Trevelyans are! they never can condescend to do things like other people."

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"I wish now that I had taken possession of one of the pews," said Miss Brown, "for one must have seen and heard *something* at least there. But then the service is so long and tiresome."

"And you would have lost their return from church and the breakfast," answered Mrs. Hopkins; "for surely they will have a breakfast of some sort; and I must say," she continued, drawing herself up, "considering all my civilities to them, my having asked them to my little hop, and living next door, and all, they might as well have invited me to join their party; but they are so queer—bless me! what a different story my wedding was, when I married poor dear Mr. Hopkins. I had no less than six bride's-maids all dressed alike, and we had such fun! such joking with them—for Mr. Hopkins laughed and said, he should probably only be married once in his life, and he was determined to make a day of it. And, indeed, I have often

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thought since how strange and awful those words were, for, poor dear man, he spoke true !"

And here Mrs. Hopkins endeavoured to call up a tear of sensibility, but it was checked ere it reached her eye by the reflection that had his prophetic expectations proved to be false, she must have been gathered to her fathers instead of him—an exchange of situation which she by no means coveted, not being even in any hurry to lay her bones beside Lord Ladbrook's first cousin's in Bow Church-yard.

Thus, in discussions on weddings in general, and invectives on the shabbiness of the one at present under consideration, a full half hour elapsed, when, on a sudden, a young lady who had wisely never left her place at the window, cried out, " Be quick ! be quick ! here is Miss Trevelyan's chaise coming, the horses full gallop, and I do declare it is the new married pair. See, there is Lord Herbert Leslie !"

" Where ! where !" all exclaimed, and there was such a rush for the windows, that many

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an infirm toe was trodden upon, many a bonnet buffeted from side to side, and many a peevish "I beg your pardon!" and a still crosser, "Oh! it don't signify!" muttered.

"Did you distinguish him?" enquired Mrs. Hopkins of a lady who had never been so fortunate as to see the bridegroom before.

"Oh! yes, I saw him quite well, but I must own I am rather disappointed; for I declare I think Colonel Trevelyan is the handsomest man of the two."

"Bless me, how can you say such a thing!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins. "What! with that stiff proud look of his? and I should be glad to know, after all, what business he has to look so proud? he is only an earl's nephew, and Lord Herbert Leslie is a marquis's son! and poor dear Mr. Hopkins, who must have known what real rank was (as he was Lord Ladbrook's first cousin), used very properly to say, that no one had any business to pride, but those who had a *right honourable* right to

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it; and that was very cleverly said of him. But see, here comes another carriage; I declare it is the Williamses from Twickenham, and Colonel and Miss Trevelyan with them. Well! how those Williamses do always contrive to squeeze themselves in everywhere! I should like to know what more business they had to be at the wedding than myself, indeed, not half so much; but they always make their way somehow. My Lady Williams knows very well what she is about."

"I can't say my Lord Herbert Leslie does," rejoined one of Mrs. Hopkins's friends, "to bring his bride away from church in Miss Trevelyan's shabby old chaise, which has not, I am sure, been even new painted since the year one. How very strange! I never heard of a wedding without a new chaise and four, and favours."

"I suspect," said Mrs. Hopkins mysteriously, and with great assumed importance; "the truth is, they want to make as little fuss

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as possible, being all pretty well ashamed of the business; as well they may, for I must say it has been most scandalously huddled up. Why, the acquaintance only began at the Star ball in the winter, as I myself know—and such an attack as was made upon Lord Herbert that night! I never saw any thing like it; they actually manœuvred so well, that he danced with no one but their precious Miss. Of course, they were in a hurry to get her off their hands, as it is not every one who would marry a person of her description; and, though Lord Herbert has not a sixpence in the world, and is, I am told, a gambler into the bargain, yet he was too good a catch for such a one as Miss Howard, to let him slip through their fingers. I know more of all this than they are aware of, although they have never condescended to make my acquaintance."

The rattling sound of a carriage at full speed here interrupted Mrs. Hopkins, and at last the real right bridal chaise and four, with

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trunks, imperials, and postilions in scarlet jackets, and white hats, drove up to Miss Trevelyan's door.

"Well, this is something like," said she in a more complacent tone, for by this time the five carriages and the crowd collected before the house, gave a look of importance to the business, and all eyes were fixed with intense interest on the vehicle destined to carry off the principal actors in the scene.

The lady's-maid and the gentleman's gentleman were soon seen bustling backwards and forwards with various boxes, baskets, and parcels; at last the cap-case, which had been detained for the wedding paraphernalia, appeared, and was fixed in front. All was now ready, a shaking of hands took place between Theresa's maid, the fat cook, and deaf John. The abigail was then most gallantly hoisted up into the barouche-seat by the genteel valet, while John secured her petticoats round her ankles with old-fashioned propriety. A

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few minutes more elapsed, when a sort of bustle took place at the door of the house, and Lady Herbert Leslie, leaning on Colonel Trevelyan's arm, appeared. She sprang into the carriage—the bridegroom followed—the door was closed—the valet took his place by the abigail—"All right!" was heard—and the postilions, that is to say, Cupid on the leaders, and Hymen directing the wheelers, putting spurs to their horses, they were all out of sight in a minute.

"Could you distinguish her face?" exclaimed one of Mrs. Hopkins's guests.

"No," replied Miss Brown; "but I saw her veil, a beautiful Chantilly blonde veil, and she had on a nice diamond hoop-ring."

"Diamond hoop-ring!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins; "how in the world could you see that?"

"Why, did you not observe that she took out her handkerchief when she got into the carriage, and her glove was off, so I saw quite

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plain, on her third finger, a very handsome diamond ring."

"I wonder where she got it," said Mrs. Hopkins significantly, in evident displeasure at another person having discovered what had escaped herself. "But who is this lady and gentleman getting into the next carriage, a very genteel-looking young man, and a very fashionable equipage? and see, what a lovely white hat and feathers she has on! who, in the name of goodness can they be! I will make Betty find out; but those tiresome servants of Miss Trevelyan's are quite impracticable; the man pretends to be deaf, but none are so deaf as those that won't hear, say I; however, I am determined I will discover whom the Trevelyans have picked up to give an air to their wedding, for I must say these can't be nobodies. There now, the Williamses are taking their departure, but they have no favours to make a show with, which I dare say they counted upon."

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"Oh, none of the party have favours," said Miss Brown; "I am sure I never saw such a scrubby wedding in my life, and I declare I think it is hardly worth while to be married at all, if it is to be after such a fashion! but I know now-a-days it is reckoned vastly genteel for marriages to take place in corners, and to be as dull and stupid as possible. Well, now, I suppose it is all over—Oh no, here is another carriage driving up, a hack chaise! but whom in the world can that be for? I only counted six persons at the ceremony, besides the bride and bridegroom, so what can this hack chaise mean?"

"Oh, it is for some of the Leslie servants, of course," said Mrs. Hopkins; "there, they are putting more luggage into it you see."

Old John was slowly depositing in the carriage a portmanteau, a writing-case, a military cloak and sword. "Dear preserve me, a sword! whom can that belong to? how very strange! Betty, Betty!" cried Mrs. Hopkins over the staircase, "do, bless you, just step outside and

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try and find out whom that hack chaise is for, and where it is going to; there now, be quick, and come back directly and let me know."

But before Betty's return, old John had completed the packing of the chaise, and, having desired the post-boy to turn his horses' heads towards Kingston, he stood by the steps of the carriage holding the handle of the door with one hand, and every now and then rubbing his eyes with the other: presently Colonel Trevelyan, with his hat drawn close over his face, issued from the house. He was hurrying into the chaise, when, on seeing John, he stopped and held out his hand to him. The faithful old servant seized it with both his, "Bless your honour! God preserve your honour, and send you back safe! I am sure I never expected this was to happen again —— and my poor mistress!" . . . . . .

Here John was obliged to have recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and Trevelyan, taking advantage of his loosened hand, sprang

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into the chaise. As the back of the carriage was turned towards Mrs. Hopkins's house, no more was seen of him, the door was instantly closed, and it drove off at full speed.

Old John kept his eyes fixed upon the chaise as long as it was visible, and remained still for some time fixed to the spot, as if listening for the last sound of its receding wheels. He then again drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, and deliberately shut and locked the gate of the little court adjoining the high road; in a minute or two he slowly entered the house, the door of which he also closed after him, and such was the breathless attention which had been paid to the whole transaction, that even the key was heard to turn, and the bolt inside to be fastened.

Thus, where a few minutes before there had been such an unusual crowd and bustle, all was now silent and deserted.

And many a day passed before that silence was broken, or that door unbarred. Mrs.

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Hopkins's ears were no longer discomposed by the sound of music or voices in cheerful communication at her next-door neighbour's; the garden was totally deserted except by poor little Oscar, who sometimes wandered about it alone, in search of his former companions, or endeavoured by his bark to entice his solitary mistress to join him. No wherry was now seen waiting below the garden-gate; nor did the sound of carriages at the door any longer attract Mrs. Hopkins's attention, or excite her envy and astonishment.

The unusual agitation and exertions of the last two months had greatly affected Miss Trevelyan's already declining health, and, for several weeks after Theresa's marriage, she was unable to leave her room. She had called up smiles to cheer the last hours which her young charge spent under her roof, and with a smile also she took leave of her brother; but, when the door had finally closed upon him, and

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she felt herself again a solitary being, with no one for whom to make any exertion, she then sunk entirely; for her mind, wounded and depressed, had no longer power to struggle against the infirmities of her body, and each added to the sickness of the other. When, on the night previous to her separation with Theresa, her brother had first informed her of his intended departure on the morrow, self for a moment got the better, and, almost unconsciously, she gave way to expressions of reproach and discontent, on feeling herself to be thus at once deserted by all those from whom she had most right to expect kindness.

But such feelings could not long exist with one of so meek a spirit, and, soon convinced that the active life which her brother sought was the only remedy for his present sickness of mind, she tutored herself into content. Perhaps some may blame Colonel Trevelyan for his conduct in this respect, and deem it inconsiderate towards his sister; but let no one

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presume to pass sentence upon him, unless they have themselves felt and been able to resist the absorbing power of severe suffering; for misery as well as happiness has the pernicious effect of converting *self* into an all-engrossing object, and, in consequence, Theresa, in her delirium of happiness, and Trevelyan, in his depth of despair, were both equally betrayed into a degree of forgetfulness of their friend and benefactress, which, under any other circumstances, they would not even have imagined to be possible.

While now confined for weeks to her apartment, Miss Trevelyan was again obliged to look her cheerless, desolate existence in the face.—Its solitude appalled her, and she had once more nearly sunk into that state of morbid melancholy from which the social enjoyments of the last two years had so happily roused her. But under this trial she applied for strength where she had never applied in vain, and her invigorated mind, struggling with its

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infirmity, at last obtained the mastery. She meekly submitted to the pain of having again thrown back upon her own heart those treasures of tenderness with which it was gifted, which she had so freely lavished on her young friend, and to which, as to all persons of her affectionate nature, some object of daily interest was necessary.

But she did not allow these now unoccupied feelings, by preying on themselves, to imbitter an existence which they were intended to sweeten. She turned towards her suffering fellow-creatures, and in "labours of love" found that employment for her affections which was denied her in the nearer and more endearing connexions of life; and many a systematic charity, many an active plan for the comfort of her destitute neighbours, were dated from that period when she was in so great a measure deprived of her own. In the pious discharge of all these Christian duties we will now leave Miss Trevelyan, and follow her brother on his

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melancholy journey on the evening of Theresa's wedding-day.

Trevelyan reached Portsmouth about six. On driving up to the George Inn, he saw a number of sailors collected round the door, and by the crest on their hats he recognized them to belong to the Undaunted. The cockswain soon made his way up to the chaise-window, and inquiring whether "his Honour was one Colonel Trevelyan," put into his hand a note from Captain Stanley. This was to desire him to hasten on board the moment he arrived, for, as the wind was fair, he wished to sail that evening, and had indeed already given orders to unmoor. This hurry was just what best suited Trevelyan's present state of feeling, for he had looked forward with horror to his long, solitary evening at the inn. He therefore hastily leaped from the chaise — the sailors seized upon his luggage, and, conducted by the cockswain, they all hurried down to the sallyport, where the Captain's barge, with

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the remainder of its crew, was ready to receive him.

It was a blowing, lowering evening; the clouds were scudding fast before the wind—the white swelling waves dashed on the shore—and the boats danced backwards and forwards alongside of the wharf. Trevelyan, who had served his apprenticeship at sea, in his various military voyages, and who (particularly at that moment) cared little for the boisterous state of the elements, quickly followed the jolly tars into their rocking bark. The twelve men all seized their oars, and, holding them upright in the air, according to the custom of the boat's crew of ships of war, waited for the signal from the cockswain, who had taken his station at the helm. The word was given, and the oars fell with one loud splash into the waves.

Those who have been forced by adverse circumstances to quit their native shore, and to leave behind them all that their souls hold dear, will know full well the shock which that

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splash, on finally leaving land, gives to the heart. It seems as if the fatal stroke severed us from all we love, as if it made us even outcasts from the habitable world.

Such were the painful feelings which that sound produced, as it vibrated on Trevelyan's ear. The last feeble link which still connected him with Theresa appeared now broken; and, while he watched, with contracted brow, the objects on shore lessening at every stroke of the oars, and strained his eyes as if to take the last look of her beloved features, "Farewell, Theresa!" he murmured to himself; "Farewell for ever!"

The boat danced on the waves, the salt spray dashing over its sides, and hanging in large drops on the wild flowing ringlets of the sailors. They soon reached the side of the Undaunted. The shrill whistle of the boatswain was heard, and in an instant Trevelyan was on the deck. The topsails were already at the mast-head — the last heave of

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the capstan was heard — the anchor was stowed — the boat hoisted in — all connexion with the shore was thus at an end — and in a minute the Undaunted was under sail!

Captain Stanley was so much occupied in giving the necessary orders, that he had only time to welcome his cousin with a hearty shake of his hand, bidding him consider his cabin as his own, and directly left him to return to his duty. The desertion, however, in which Trevelyan now found himself, all around being busy at their posts, suited particularly well with the present state of his mind, as he felt totally unequal to any further mental exertion. He took his station by one of the guns, welcoming the freshening breeze and salt spray which cooled his throbbing head, and there remained gazing on the receding shore, until darkness blended every object into one undistinguishable mass. He then paced the deck till past midnight, when heavy rain, which came on in squalls, drove him at last into the cabin for

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shelter. By break of day, he was again looking eagerly from the stern of the ship for the shores of England; but they had now entirely disappeared, and he saw nothing around him but one unvaried expanse of dark sea and sky.

The events of the last few hours had been so hurried, that the dead pause which now succeeded helped by contrast to confuse Trevelyan's mind, and he felt bewildered as one awaking from an appalling dream.—But a few hours before he was at Theresa's side!—he could still gaze on her face—he heard her voice —he had pressed her to his heart! And now! —*she* was the bride of another; and he—alone and uncared for—an exile from his native land!

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TREVELYAN.

PART II.

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PART II.

CHAPTER I.

All lost—that softness died not—but it slept,
And o'er its slumbers rose the strength, which said,
"With nothing left to love—there's nought to dread"—
'Tis more than Nature's—like the burning might
Delirium gathers from the fevered height. BYRON.

NEARLY two years had elapsed since that eventful day on which the nuptials of Lord and Lady Herbert Leslie were celebrated, when, one afternoon, in May 1802, as Mrs. Hopkins was returning home from her usual walk, she saw a hack chaise drive up to her next-door neighbour, Miss Trevelyan's. As the step of the carriage had been just let down when she

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reached the spot, an impulse of civility, but one still stronger of curiosity, made her stop to let the traveller alight—and she saw a tall, thin man, in deep mourning, with the empty sleeve of his left arm fixed across his breast, leave the carriage. His face was turned away while giving some orders to his servant, and he then entered the house so quickly, that Mrs. Hopkins could not distinguish who he was; waiting, therefore, a minute till the friendly recognitions between the domestics were over, she stepped up to the newly-arrived servant, and in as careless a tone as she could assume, inquired what visiter had just gone in to Miss Trevelyan.

"General Trevelyan," replied the man, who was also in mourning.

"Do you mean Colonel Frederick Trevelyan?" said Mrs. Hopkins. "Bless me, how he is changed! and he has lost his arm!"

"Yes, ma'am, it was shot off at the battle of Alexandria, and he has never yet well recovered from the wound."

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"And who is he in such deep mourning for?" anxiously inquired Mrs. Hopkins, who had by this time laid aside all pretence to indifference in her queries, thinking she might as well get all the information she could out of the agreeable communicative servant, before reserved, dry old John returned.

"My master is in mourning for Lord St. Ives, Lord Launceston's only son, his first cousin as was."

"Good gracious! yes," exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, "I now recollect having seen his death in the papers a short time ago, and I declare Colonel Trevelyan is actually next heir to Lord Launceston."

"So people says," rejoined the servant, and he seemed willing to give farther particulars, but just then, John (to whom Mrs. Hopkins had a remarkable antipathy) returning, she thought it most prudent to close her inquiries, and walk on. Instead, however, of going home according to her original intention, she, big with this piece of intelligence, immediately

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went the round of all her particular friends, that she might be the first to announce (with a look of vast importance and superior information) that General Trevelyan, next heir to the earldom of Launceston, was returned to settle at Richmond.

This conversation between Mrs. Hopkins and the servant, at the door of Miss Trevelyan's house, will in some measure acquaint the reader with the events which had taken place during the last two years.

Trevelyan, on leaving England in the Undaunted, on the evening of Theresa's wedding-day, proceeded to Minorca, where he joined his friend General Hutchinson. During all that autumn and the following winter, when the fleet, under Lord Keith, remained cruising in the Mediterranean, Trevelyan's depressed state of mind and altered spirits were visible to all; he made every exertion in his power, from a wish to keep the secret of his soul sacred within his own breast, but he keenly felt the want

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of personal active employment, and began to think that the monotony of a sea life, although in search of the enemy, was more trying than even home would have been. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and to one whose *only* hope of relief rested on military excitement, that additional sickness was hard to bear.

At length, on the 22nd of February, the fleet received orders to leave Marmorice Bay; and on the 1st of March it anchored in that of Aboukir. The intention of the Commander-in-chief, Abercromby, was directly to attempt a landing on the shores of Alexandria, but, from the boisterous state of the wind and sea, it was impossible to effect the disembarkation of the troops until the 8th. During the intervening week, the mere prospect of employment and of danger seemed to rouse Trevelyan, restoring him once again to his former animated self. The sight of the formidable enemy, the interminable batteries on the heights,

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and the long line of cannon on the sea-shore—all these preparations for attack and defence, which might have made the stoutest heart to quake, only served to brace Trevelyan's nerves, raising his spirits to a pitch of wild enterprise.

Every one is acquainted with the memorable events which took place on the 8th, 13th, and 21st of March. On the first of these three days, Trevelyan, with his brave countrymen, landed in open boats on the far-famed shore of Egypt beneath the murderous fire of the enemy. For the first time since that day on which he had left England, he felt his blood bound in his veins; for the first time his countenance assumed its wonted fire and spirit: he smiled as the enemy's shot whizzed past him, and with animated cheers he encouraged the men. But, as he saw his younger and happier companions fall around, and felt himself as if defended by an impenetrable spell of misfortune, again a pang of suffering contracted his dark brow, and, in a tone of reckless impatient eagerness, he called out still

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louder to the men fearlessly to advance through the splashing waves and the fire of the cannon levelled at them.

Stanley, his friend, cousin, and kind host, during the last six months, fell mortally wounded at his side, and died in his arms. Trevelyan saw his grave dug on the shores of Alexandria, and paid the last duties to the only being, who, knowing his real situation, could sympathise with it. Again, in the engagement on the 13th, Trevelyan heedlessly courted every danger, and again he passed through them all unscathed. Death had by this time opened the way for quick promotion, and at the battle of Alexandria, Trevelyan, now Brigadier-General, led on his brigade.

The tragical event of that day is well known to all — for it was on that day that the brave veteran Abercromby fell; well earning those marks of a country's gratitude which he did not survive to enjoy. General Hutchinson succeeded in the command, and Trevelyan had just received from

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him an order to advance with his detachment to the charge, when a cannon-ball shattered his left arm; the instant he felt the shock, he hoped at last *that* the death-blow which he had so long courted had finally reached him. An officer near, who had seen the direction of the ball, observing him stagger, hurried up to him. "You are wounded, I fear," said he.—"Yes," replied Trevelyan, in a firm voice, "I think mortally." And as the life-blood flowed quickly from his veins, and the objects around him began to disappear from his glazing eyes, hoping his hour of release was come, a smile played over his altering features, and muttering to himself, "Thank God!" he sank on the ground.

His mutilated arm was bound up with his sash; he was immediately carried off the field, and conveyed as soon as possible on board the Undaunted. It was not till laid on a couch, in his poor friend Stanley's cabin, that animation returned. In the first struggles which nature made for breath, the name of

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Theresa escaped from his whitened lips — but, when restored to full consciousness, an expression of keen anguish and disappointment crossed his face, and he raised his languid eyes to heaven, as if in reproach.

Trevelyan's arm was so much injured that immediate amputation was deemed necessary, and preparations for the operation were made without delay. He said not a word, did not change countenance, but looked upon his approaching sufferings with a sort of apathy and hardened courage, almost beyond nature. When his clothes were about to be removed, a black ribbon, which hung round his neck, caught on one of the buttons of his waistcoat; his servant was preparing to disentangle it, when Trevelyan observing the accident, eagerly seized it, and with his right arm hastily passing it over his head, he held the bloody ribbon, (to which a small locket was attached,) fast clenched in his hand during the whole of the painful operation.

It is needless to dwell on the days of rest-

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less suffering, and the sleepless nights of fever, which succeeded. During the many lonely hours which now passed heavily over him, Trevelyan communed with his own heart, and found no lack of occupation for his awakened mind. He had ever been what is in the world called an excellent man, having received in his childhood that precious instruction, those holy precepts, which often influence the conduct and stamp the character, preserving it from the snares of life, even when the sacred source from which such better feelings proceed is forgotten and disregarded. Thus trained, Trevelyan, by nature honourable and kind-hearted, had passed through the most dangerous years of buoyant youth, free from its grosser vices, respected and beloved! But he had ever trusted to those his natural good qualities rather than to religious principle; and, having for many years encountered no peculiar trial, he had not till lately felt the want of an upholding power greater than his

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own. Often when now lying on his couch on the deck of the Undaunted, and refreshed by the first breath of an Italian spring, his mind wandered to England and to his home. The mild countenance of his sister would then come to his recollection, her patient endurance, her practical piety; and with her gentle image also came the remembrance of those often-repeated precepts and admonitions, to which in his boyhood he had so carelessly listened. And they now came back upon him with a power which they had never before possessed, opening to his mind a new world of inquiry and reflection.

In this mental conflict he had recourse to the Book of Life, and in that holy volume found a relief to his sorrows, which he had in vain sought for, even in the cannon's mouth. The reduced state of his body also assisted in subduing the fever of his mind, and, his awakened conscience now upbraiding him for the recklessness with which, wholly possessed

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by passion, he had thoughtlessly, almost impiously, courted death, "*when thus unhouseled, unanointed, unannealed,*" he in deep self-abhorrence and contrition became an humbled Christian! Theresa was not forgotten — she could not be — for she was entwined with every feeling of his soul, formed a part of his very self.

> And oft in the nightly silence of his tent
> His fixed mind did gaze upon her still;
> But she would pass before his fancy's eye
> Like some delightful vision of the soul
> To soothe, not trouble it.

The remembrance of her was no longer the fierce agony it once had been, and, if life now wore to him a totally different aspect from that which it had hitherto presented, when buoyant with youth and hope — he blessed God for the change. He remained on board the Undaunted for several weeks; at length, when sufficiently recovered, he was landed at Malta, and, as soon as his health permitted, he resumed his military duties as

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Brigadier-General, with the detachment of the army then at that depôt. Early the following spring, news arrived of the ratification of the treaty of peace at Amiens, and nearly at the same time Trevelyan also received letters from England, informing him of the death of Lord St. Ives. The formal announcement of this melancholy event was accompanied by a letter from his cousin Lady Augusta, intreating him, if possible, to return speedily to England and join them at Trevelyan Castle, her father having, in consequence of this severe blow, sunk into a state of alarming weakness and depression, from which, she was convinced, nothing was so likely to rouse him as his presence. All this determined Trevelyan's future plans; the war being now over, he easily obtained leave of absence, and, as we already know, arrived in England about the end of May; returning home an altered, but a resigned, if not a happy, man.

The first meeting between the brother and

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sister was from various causes, painful and agitating. It was long before Miss Trevelyan could look at her brother's mutilated figure and altered appearance with composure. She, too, was changed; for two years at her time of life, and two years of declining health, mark strongly those lines of advancing age, which it is always so painful to trace in a face we love; but, except these changes in Miss Trevelyan herself, every thing else around her was to her brother painfully the same, recalling but too well the former happy days which he had spent under her roof: and so strongly did every object which now met his eyes bring back Theresa to his mind, that her marriage and their final separation seemed to him events but of the day before; and feelings which he had flattered himself had long since been subdued, again rushed on his soul with overwhelming force. But he met them bravely, and the next morning he welcomed his sister at breakfast with a cheerful countenance.

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They were hardly seated before John came in with a card in his hand, and laying it down before Trevelyan, "Mrs. Hopkins's compliments," said he, "and she begs to know how General Trevelyan finds himself after his journey."

"Mrs. Hopkins is still the same," said he, laughing, "and she is early in the field; I really believe she has some matrimonial plans upon me. My grateful compliments, John," he continued gaily, "and tell her, I shall take the earliest opportunity of throwing myself at her feet."

John, who never took a joke, departed, muttering over his lesson to himself, and so absorbed, that not heeding where he went, he caught his foot against Trevelyan's chair, and stumbling against the piano-forte, made all its strings ring. Trevelyan started; his countenance instantly changed — and he knit his brow with an expression of pain.

"No harm done!" called out John; "it is

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only Miss's catarrh,' as she used to call it, that I have hit against; but it was all broke to pieces before," added he, surlily, "so it don't much signify."

Trevelyan made no comment, and a pause of some minutes ensued after John, rubbing his bruised hand, had left the room.

"Where is *she?* Where are the Leslies?" Trevelyan at length said in a low voice.

"They are gone abroad," replied Miss Trevelyan, "and are now, I believe, at Paris. They left England about a month ago."

"So lately!" said Trevelyan with eagerness —"Did you see her?"

"Yes; Theresa wrote to me the instant she arrived from Scotland, and herself proposed coming to me."

"And you saw her?" again inquired Trevelyan, unconscious that it was a second time he had put the question.

"Of course I saw her, for she spent a whole day with me. She came alone; for she said that

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Lord Herbert was gone to procure their passports, and that he was too busy making preparations for their departure to be able to accompany her; indeed, I do not believe they were above forty-eight hours in London altogether. I preached to her as in days of yore," continued Miss Trevelyan, smiling, " and warned her of the dangers to which her inexperience and her rare beauty would expose her; for in truth, if any thing, she is really more lovely than ever. Of course she smiled at my fears, and, as usual, stopped my lectures by her caresses."

Trevelyan sighed. " She appeared happy, did she not?" he inquired, with his eyes still fixed on the ground.

" Yes, indeed I think so; but you know I could hardly judge, she was so short a time with me She spoke much of Lord Falkirk's kindness to her, and of the hospitality of Scotland. I could have fancied there was a shade of difference in her manner; that it had less of

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its former wild gaiety; but that change is most natural, and I must say greatly improves her. She inquired much after you; indeed it seemed to me as if all your goodness to her had come back upon her mind with double force since her separation from us, for she over and over recurred to all her obligations and to all her former happiness."

Trevelyan again sighed, but made no comment, and, soon after, leaving the breakfast-table, he walked towards the window, and continued for some time gazing in silence on the view from it, lost in thought. At length, rousing himself — "How much the trees in your garden are grown, Louisa," said he; they want sadly a little of my pruning-knife, for the river is quite hid, and I really think I must see whether I cannot clear them away a little, even with my one arm.—Oh! there is Mrs. Hopkins as usual keeping watch at her verandah,"—added he, smiling, and drawing away from the window; "poor woman! I

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wish she could find better occupation than watching her neighbours so assiduously, for I verily believe she has not left her post, since I left England.

John and the breakfast things had by this time disappeared, and, Miss Trevelyan soon after leaving the room, her brother remained alone. He went slowly up towards the pianoforte. On it still lay Theresa's guitar, but, as John said, all broken, for there was not a string remaining in its place. The ribbon attached to it, and which used to hang over her shoulders, was faded and soiled. Beneath the instrument lay a torn, half rubbed-out piece of music; and on examining it, Trevelyan recognized the Neapolitan Barcarola, which Theresa used so often to sing in their expeditions on the water; her name, with July 20th, 1800, was written on it, in several places. This date, thus often repeated, caught his attention, and, recalling to mind the events of that bright year of his life, he calculated that

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it must have been on that very day that Lord Herbert Leslie had first heard her sing it, and that, in the indulgence of her girlish sentiment, and fancied safety from detection, Theresa had thus fondly recorded *that* evening, which, although then unknown to herself, was destined to influence her whole future existence.

Folding up the song, Trevelyan put it into his pocket, and then slowly descended into the garden. The neglected shrubs and trees had grown so luxuriantly that he could hardly make his way along the gravel walk which led to the river-side; but when there, standing at the low parapet-wall, every object he saw had remained but too exactly the same. *There* was the same lovely Thames rippling at his feet; and the same measured sound of dipping oars, with which his ears had been, two years before, so familiar, and which was connected in his mind with so much of enjoyment, again greeted him! —Close beneath the garden-wall a boat, apparently waiting for its fare, was fastened to the

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shore, and by the name written at its stern he recognized the very same wherry in which, day after day, he had formerly rowed Theresa and his sister. The owner of the boat, who was standing near, immediately recognized Trevelyan, and respectfully taking off his hat—"Glad to see your honour safe home again," said the man, "although not looking altogether so well as one could wish, certainly; and I fear," added he, glancing at his empty sleeve, "your honour will not now be able to row the ladies about as you used to do, at least not without my help."

"No, indeed," replied Trevelyan, "I am afraid I shall never row the ladies any more," and a deep drawn sign involuntarily escaped him; "but how have you fared, Platt, since we parted?"

"Why, but middling, Sir. It is hard times with us poor watermen;—few fares going; but now that peace is made, I hope the gentlefolks will take more to the river than they have done lately, and, whenever your honour

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and the ladies should have a mind for a row, I hope you will remember John Platt."

"I fear, Platt," replied Trevelyan, "I have had too much of the water during the war, to take to it in peace; but here is something for old acquaintance sake," and, putting into the man's hand a larger sum than he had seen for many a day, Trevelyan left him, and, proceeding along the towing-path towards the meadows, wandered along amid his old haunts. What thoughts and recollections they forced upon him need hardly be told, and the additional sadness in his looks and manner, on his return home, but too plainly betrayed the direction which those thoughts had taken.

"I have been to Twickenham in search of the Williamses," said he, as, in seeming fatigue both of body and mind, he sank into a chair on again reaching his sister's room; "but the house is shut up, and the woman who came to the door seemed quite ignorant about them. Do you know whither they are gone?"

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"They left Twickenham full a year ago," replied Miss Trevelyan. "Lady Williams thought that the place was damp, and did not agree with her, and they are now settled in Hertfordshire."

"Then I fear you live still more alone than ever," said her brother; "as they were, I think, your only friends."

"Why in truth I do—but how can I help it? No one can wish for the society of such a sick old woman as I am grown; for I now can be no object to any one, not even to your friend Mrs. Hopkins. But I assure you, I am not near so sulky a being as I once was, and should be even thankful if I had a few kind friends to cheer my solitude, but such friends as I require are perhaps not so easily found, and I acknowledge, besides, that I have still a foolish, perhaps even a blameable, dislike to encountering strangers; however, I have a large acquaintance in another line, and lack neither occupation nor

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sympathy among them, and now that you are returned, I shall be quite gay again. I hope, by the by, Frederick, you remembered to call on Mrs. Hopkins'."

"O yes," said he, "I have just left my card; she was luckily out, and so I have done her business handsomely."

But Trevelyan was not to be let off so easily, and before the end of that evening John, grinning from ear to ear, laid before him a card three times the size of that which he had presented to him in the morning.

"Mrs. Hopkins's compliments, and requests the honour of General Trevelyan's company at dinner on Tuesday next, the 20th of May."

Trevelyan burst out laughing. "Well, really this is a downright assault," said he. What in the world can the good lady want of me?"

"And what will you do Frederick?" said his sister. "Will you go?"

"No, no, I can't do that, I will not en-

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courage such forwardness," added he again laughing. "Why I should have all the old ladies of Richmond and its vicinity after me, if I did; but as I must soon fix my day for going to my uncle in Cornwall, I had better at once name the 20th, and as I may be very sure my departure will be known by Mrs. Hopkins even to the minute when I get into the carriage, I shall thus get off without giving any affront."

Accordingly he wrote his regrets at not being able to wait upon Mrs. Hopkins, business obliging him to leave Richmond.

This was a cruel disappointment to the widow of Lord Ladbrook's first cousin, who had now fancied herself sure of her prey. She once thought of altering her day, but there was no time for giving notice to the rest of her company. She might by that means lose Lady Araminta Hodges; and, besides, the cook declared that before the 20th the stoutest tooth would not be able to make its way through the haunch of venison which had

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given birth to the party, there was therefore no resource. The cruel chaise which was to deprive her of her much wished-for guest was seen to carry him off early on the Tuesday morning, and all she could do was, to let his note of excuse lie carelessly open on her table for the perusal of her company, and to tell them, in an easy sort of way, how sadly vexed poor dear General Trevelyan was at being prevented dining with her, by receiving an unexpected summons from his uncle in Cornwall; for of course Mrs. Hopkins had ascertained by means of Trevelyan's pleasant communicative servant whither he was going. "A very gentlemanly man is General Trevelyan," she continued to those of her guests who had never dared to aspire so high as the next heir to an earldom in their attempts at society. "I am sure you would have liked him of all things, and we would have made him tell all his stories about his battles, and his landing on the Pyramids of Egypt, (which

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they say is the finest thing an army ever did,) and attacking and taking Cleopatra's needle so bravely; and in short, we should have heard all about those curious things which he has seen and done, so I am really particularly sorry he was prevented joining our party; but naturally enough he felt he could not refuse his uncle Lord Launceston, who is, I am told, fast going," added she, looking very significant; "and of course in his present situation, General Trevelyan must have a great deal on his hands. Poor dear Mr. Hopkins used to say, no one had any idea of the overwhelming business of people of rank, and of course, with his near connexion with the peerage, he knew all about those things; and indeed I myself," continued Mrs. Hopkins with an assumed look of suppressed importance, "may be pretty well informed on shose matters also, having married into two titled families."

While Mrs. Hopkins was thus entertaining her friends, Trevelyan was journeying on to-

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wards Cornwall, and with no great anticipations of pleasure from his visit. The probable approaching change in his own worldly situation, in consequence of the premature death of his poor cousin, far from gratifying his mind by the near prospect of riches and distinction, only depressed it the more by strongly reminding him that he had no one now with whom to share those advantages; and such reflections naturally ended,—as indeed his every feeling was but too prone to end—in the remembrance of Theresa, of that Theresa who had once been connected in his mind with the brightest visions of domestic happiness, and who was now separated from him for ever!

Late in the afternoon of the second day our traveller reached Trevelyan castle. As he drove up to the door, and saw the numberless servants in deep mourning collected on the steps to receive him, the recollection of the exulting crowd, which at his former visit he had seen gathered together on that very spot, in celebra-

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tion of the coming of age of the young heir, rushed on his mind and powerfully affected him. How few would have given him credit for the feeling of deep regret and melancholy which then oppressed his spirits, and rendered the meeting with Lord Launceston, and his now only surviving child, most painful and agitating. The present quiet of the house also, contrasting so strongly with what he remembered of it formerly, when he had seen the young and the gay enjoying life by every device which the love of amusement could suggest and luxury procure — the broken, enfeebled state both of body and mind of his bereaved uncle — all told him a tale of human life, of the uncertainty of human happiness, which could not be read with indifference by one of Trevelyan's turn of mind.

Both Lord Launceston and Lady Augusta received him with marked kindness, the former, in his joy at seeing him, with imbecile

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confusion constantly addressing him by the name of his lost son.

Trevelyan, greatly distressed by this mistake, looked fearfully towards his cousin, dreading the effect that the sound of that often-repeated name, now made sacred by death, might produce; but either Augusta concealed her feelings, or else, used to her father's strange confusions of the past and present, she had ceased to be affected by them: for, after quietly endeavouring two or three times to rectify his blunders, apparently thinking the case was hopeless, she with perfect composure gave up the attempt.

Trevelyan was so much shocked and pained by all he saw and heard, that he heartily rejoiced when the sound of the dressing-bell put an end to this first disagreeable hour of arrival, and restored him for a time to that solitude which he felt his spirits needed.

There was no visiter then at Trevelyan castle but himself, and, when he and his two relations sat down to dinner, surrounded by

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all the pomp and ceremony of a large establishment, who by their sable garments looked like attendants on a funeral, again the melancholy of the whole scene pressed painfully on his mind.

They had hardly begun their repast when the bells of the village-church struck up a merry peal; Lord Launceston gave a sudden violent start, and with querulous nervousness impatiently demanded what those bells meant, and how any one dared to ring them without his orders?

"My Lord," said the steward, going up to him, "I believe they are ringing them in honour of General Trevelyan's arrival."

"Good God!" hastily exclaimed Trevelyan, guessing directly what feelings might have been excited in his uncle's mind from the manner in which the joyous sounds had painfully vibrated even on his heart. "For heaven's sake," said he, in a low voice to the steward, "send and stop them directly."

The servant was hurrying away to obey

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Trevelyan's orders, when Lord Launceston called him back, "No, no—stop—true, I had forgot. General Trevelyan is now the next representative of my family. They are quite right—yes—yes, they are quite right. I ought to have remembered that myself, and I am sure have more reason than most people to rejoice at your safe return home; for, had you been killed in Egypt, as I am sure you well might have been," added he, glancing at his nephew's mutilated arm, "our family titles and honours would, you know, have gone away to some obscure attorney at Dartmouth. I declare it almost makes me sick when I think of it. So the fellows did quite right to ring the bells, only the sound startled me at first, for I do not think they have ever been rung since that day when my poor boy came of age. Then filling his glass, "Come, St. Ives, said he (again addressing Trevelyan by the name of his son), here's to your health, and welcome home again, after all your military exploits. You have

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paid rather dear for fame certainly, but honourable wounds become a man of family, and he never looks the less handsome for them in fair ladies' eyes, does he Augusta?" Augusta slightly blushed, but said nothing. "By the by," continued Lord Launceston, "it is a great shame they have not given you the Bath. I am sure, if any one is in every way entitled to the honour, it is you."

"Oh, no! my dear sir," said Trevelyan, "that distinction is, I am happy to say, not so easily won. If mere wounds and bravery gave a right to claim it, why there might be whole regiments and ships' companies of such knights formed of the brave soldiers and sailors who were engaged in that expedition."

"That's all very fine talking," said Lord Launceston, "but who thinks of the bravery of the common men? and I still say, I take it so much as a personal affront your being passed over, that whenever I go to town to attend Parliament I shall certainly represent

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the matter. You would not be the first Knight of the Bath in our family," added he, with a look of exultation. "John, the seventh Earl, my grandfather (your great grandfather, you know), was a soldier, and was knighted after the battle of Sedgemore; his picture hangs up in the gallery, and I will show it to you after dinner. Egad! now I think of it, I really believe it is like you: is it not Augusta?"

"Perhaps it is, papa," was all Augusta said, without raising her eyes. "It is very strange how likenesses run in families," continued Lord Launceston. "There is a picture of Robert, the sixth Baron Launceston, who was made an Earl in the sixteenth century, that is as like poor St. Ives as if it was painted for him. For my part, I think there is something very respectable in an old established family face (it is the high forehead which marks our family); for you don't see family faces run so among the lower orders. To be sure one thing may

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be, we know nothing about their ancestors or connexions, if indeed they have any at all."

Thus poor Lord Launceston, his spirits raised by the presence of his nephew, the only being who could now save his family, of which he was so vain, from utter extinction; and his mind solely occupied by that one subject; talked on till dinner was over, when, taking Trevelyan's arm, "Come," said he, "I will now show you your likeness, Earl John."

"There," he continued, when they reached the gallery, "don't you see the insignia of the Bath over his armour?"

Trevelyan did not observe the picture, for next to it a portrait of Vandyke's directly caught his eye. It was one of those graceful flowing female forms he loved to paint; the dark curls of her jet black hair hung on each side of her snowy neck, and the brilliant eyes seemed to sparkle with intelligence. The picture rivetted Trevelyan's attention, whether

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producing in his mind pain or pleasure, he could hardly have told.

"Ay, that is a fine painting," said Lord Launceston, observing what had attracted his nephew's observation; "it is my great great aunt, by the mother's side, a Howard, you know. By the by, what is become of that handsome girl who was with you when you were here last?—I have forgotten her name."

Trevelyan started; it seemed as if his uncle had read his inmost thoughts, for in truth he had, while gazing on the lovely picture, totally forgotten Lord Launceston and all his ancestors, whether by father's or mother's side, his thoughts being entirely occupied by the remembrance of Theresa. Lord Launceston again repeated his question respecting the name of Trevelyan's young friend. "Theresa —Miss Howard," he replied, with some emotion, for it was the first time for two years that he had heard that beloved name pronounced either by himself or others.

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"She was a devilish fine girl," continued Lord Launceston; "poor St. Ives had a great fancy to her, I saw that quite plain, but I put an end to it at once. I declare I prefer even what has happened to me to the possibility of such a misfortune as my son forming so disgraceful an alliance. In fact, people of that description should not be allowed to go about the world; for it is very wrong running the risk of all the mischief they may do in old families. But what is become of her? Is she still with your sister?"

"She is married," said Trevelyan, in a low voice. "She is now Lady Herbert Leslie."

"Oh! ay, true," rejoined his uncle: I remember now hearing all about it; but since my poor boy died, I think I forget every thing. But do tell me how came Lord Leslie's father (I forget his name) to agree to any thing so improper? Was it his eldest son?"

"No, the second," replied Trevelyan.

"Well, that is not quite so bad, but still

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such a total dereliction of all principle is quite shocking, and will ruin the aristocracy of England. Then," after a pause, "St. Ives—Frederick I mean—you must marry now. It was all very well running wild about the world when you had nothing to look to but your profession; but now you really owe it to me, to yourself, and to our family, to marry. But we will talk of that another time," he continued; "I feel myself rather tired now, and we will go and join Augusta in the drawing-room.

When there, seated in his arm-chair, and while still prosing about his ancestors, Lord Launceston soon fell fast asleep, and the two cousins were left *tête-à-tête*.

And many a dull melancholy evening did Trevelyan now pass in this manner, with his uncle slumbering on one side of him, and his cousin embroidering on the other. Lady Augusta was *remarkably* well informed, but her information seemed only to have made her con-

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versation the less interesting by depriving it of all originality. She was also *remarkably* sensible, but it was such heavy matter-of-fact sense, that one longed for some trait of folly or thoughtlessness to relieve the monotony of her discretion; however, she was certainly an excellent daughter, being perfect clockwork in her attentions to her father. Her arm was offered to him, and his footstool brought to him, exactly at the same moment every evening; his breakfast was ready for him exactly at the same moment every morning, and she daily read the long dull debates with most exemplary patience and resignation. Everything in short with Augusta seemed to be done by rule, and consequently each day was precisely the same as its predecessor. At a stated hour the low pony-chaise came regularly every afternoon to the door, when Lord Launceston and Augusta, accompanied by Trevelyan on horseback, drove about the place, visiting the plantations, the farms, and

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the late improvements. To Lord Launceston every object told the same tale, as he saw everything around him only through the medium of *self*, as being *his* plans, *his* possessions, *his* achievements! and, having now turned his mind towards Trevelyan as his heir and representative, all remembrance of his own lost son seemed entirely to fade away. He was ever recurring to the subject of Trevelyan's marriage, and even occasionally went so far as to venture on vague hints respecting the possibility of a union between him and his cousin Augusta, and the incalculable advantages which such a marriage would secure to the family and estate, besides the natural gratification which it would afford to himself.

One day when Augusta was confined to the house by indisposition, and when the uncle and nephew were in consequence left to a *tête-à-tête* drive, Lord Launceston made his attack in a still more direct manner. They had been charged by his daughter with some

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message to the mistress of the village-school, (for Augusta had of course a school,) and this school she visited regularly, and herself examined the children; and she had also many plans and regulations for the benefit of the poor around, all most excellent: but still, when she appeared among them, she was welcomed with reverential curtesies rather than smiles of gratitude; and all the children's eyes were directly fixed in alarm on their books instead of on the countenance of their benefactress.

The message to the school-mistress was duly delivered, and Lord Launceston and Trevelyan proceeded on their drive.

"Augusta is an excellent girl, faith," said the former after a pause; "how few in her elevated situation take so much trouble about the poor people!—and she understands it all so well; why she is as good a man of business as myself—knows all about the estate. She will be an invaluable wife to any one who has the luck to win her."

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Trevelyan made no comment on this remark; and after a moment's silence his uncle continued: "I have been thinking, Frederick, that it would make us all very happy if you were to marry Augusta—it would be such an excellent thing for the family, and if you don't happen to be what is called desperately in love with her, what does that signify? and, faith! I think she likes you—I have always thought it. When you were abroad in Egypt there was such an enquiring for news of the army and fleet, such a reading of newspapers—and I must say, you may go farther and fare worse in the way of a wife. You know she will have the whole of what was settled on the younger children, forty thousand pounds: now it is a great pity all that should be lost to the property if it can be prevented, and she is, besides, as like your grandmother as she can stare, who was, you know, a Vernon. Now I require no answer to this plan of mine

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at present, only just turn it over in your mind and think quietly of my advice. Marry you must, and that soon, otherwise I shall not live to see the happy day; and as you do not seem to know, or care for, any one in particular, I am sure you could not find a better wife than Augusta will most certainly make you."

Trevelyan did not reply to this direct attack, for what could he say? — There was not a fault to be found with Augusta, but — that she was totally different from Theresa. — No objection whatever could be made to the plan proposed, but, that with Theresa had ended all his dreams of love and marriage. Trevelyan therefore contented himself with thanking his uncle for his flattering kindness; and, the remainder of their drive being performed in total silence, Lord Launceston soon fell fast asleep, leaving Trevelyan to his own reflections.

Whether it was owing to any chill which

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Lord Launceston then received, or to some sudden derangement of health could not be ascertained, but on that very evening he seemed oppressed and unwell, and the next day had a serious attack of giddiness and fainting; an eminent physician from Truro was immediately sent for, who directly prescribed bleeding, by which Lord Launceston seemed much relieved, and in the course of a few days he rallied sufficiently to leave his room and resume his usual habits; but, after reaching that point of amendment, he made no further progress towards recovery, continuing weak and depressed.

All this naturally threw Augusta and Trevelyan into constant association, as they had now one common interest and object. They together talked over the symptoms of Lord Launceston's illness, together consulted upon the necessity of further medical advice, and together planned what would be most conducive to the comfort and amusement of the

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invalid. To leave his uncle and cousin under these circumstances was impossible, and thus week after week crept on, and Trevelyan was still an inmate of the castle. Indeed he had now become so entirely domesticated within its walls, that he seemed in a great manner to be considered as the master of the house; for, his uncle being now totally unequal to any exertion of mind, he referred every matter of business to him. The servants also seemed to look to him as the person from whom they were to receive their definitive orders, and the Lady Augusta herself appeared to wish that it should be so.

Thus passed the remainder of the summer and great part of the autumn. Augusta was always the same calm, sensible, and irreproachable person, with the same uniform spirits, and immoveable temper; she never seemed to feel the dulnesss of her present life, never appeared weary of attending on her invalid and often irritable father. It was under such circumstances, perhaps, that her character was likely

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to appear to the best advantage in Trevelyan's eyes, and he was no way unwilling to do full justice to her many excellent qualities; the less so, possibly, from that natural bias to vanity inherent in man: for if there was a being whom Augusta seemed to prefer, it was *himself*: if ever anything could be said to give her pleasure, it was *his* society. Again and again did Lord Launceston return to his favourite plan of a union between his daughter and nephew, and once he even alluded to it when they were both present. Evidently much discomposed, Augusta hastily left the room, and, when Trevelyan afterwards joined her, he saw traces of tears on her face, while her manner towards him was unusually distant and embarrassed.

What man but must be flattered by the marked preference of almost any woman? What man but will grow to think that there must be some degree of superiority in her who gives decided proofs of considering him supe-

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rior to all the world besides? All these various attacks upon Trevelyan — for even his sister had of late frequently exhorted him to marriage—began at last to force the *possibility* at least of such an event upon his mind, and his thoughts were the more constantly occupied by the subject from his very indifference towards the person in question, for he had none of those decided feelings either of partiality or disapprobation, which could have enabled him at once either to come to some favourable decision, or to dismiss the matter entirely from his thoughts. If he allowed those thoughts to wander back to the past, then, indeed, he felt no doubts as to his conduct with regard to the future; for one single image there filled the lovely picture, and that image certainly bore no resemblance whatever to Augusta: but he felt that the past had become a mere dream of the imagination, and that he was now called upon to act his part in the dull realities of life.

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Who, however, can bid adieu even to a delightful dream without regret? Who that has once known the rapture of *love* but must look with dismay on a *muriage de raison?*

The state of Trevelyan's mind may perhaps be better understood by his own description of his feelings, and we will therefore subjoin a letter, which he addressed about this time to his sister.

"Trevelyan Castle, Sept. 28.

"ALL you say about Augusta, and about my future situation in this world, is perfectly true, and yet I cannot make up my mind to the result you desire. If I were to tell you that happiness is a thing which I have ceased to think of for myself, you would I know chide me, and perhaps, indeed, even *you* would not believe the assertion to be true—but so it is.—I had once raised my expectations of human felicity too high to be content with what must now fall so very far short; and therefore, I pre-

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fer renouncing entirely all thoughts of domestic happiness, and remaining the solitary being I am.

"I know you will say that, if such are my feelings of indifference with regard to myself, I should then turn my thoughts to the happiness of others, and should fulfil the anxious wishes of my uncle. I feel I should do so, and I also do full justice to the many excellent qualities which Augusta possesses, but a vague *feeling*, which I can hardly define, and which I do not allow even to myself, makes me shrink from—from, in short, being myself bound by *any* ties.

"I know this is sad weakness, perhaps even worse, and that it is culpable when *she* is indissolubly bound to another. But still, whenever I think of Augusta as my wife, *her* image will obtrude itself before my mind and it makes an idiot of me. My poor uncle does not rally at all, and his mind seems failing even faster than his body; one set of

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ideas now alone occupy him — his family, his property, his honours, and how still to preserve them in a manner to himself. Poor St. Ives is quite forgotten by him. I believe I of all regret him most, for had he but lived I should have remained in my comparative happy insignificance.

"F. T."

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CHAPTER II.

——————— Time
Shall steady my sight to the grief it would shun;
Bid the glowing, dear dream of felicity fly,
And turn on ambition or science mine eye:
Then I 'll aim at those heights I for thee could despise,
And harden my heart to be great or be wise.

Old Song.

ABOUT a month after the receipt of her brother's last letter, Miss Trevelyan was not a little startled on receiving another from him, containing the following intelligence:—

"Trevelyan Castle, October 30.

"The die is cast,—I have proposed—I am accepted—it is all settled. My poor uncle is at least made happy, he has just joined

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our hands, given us his blessing; my mind is in too confused a state to be able calmly to dwell on the step which I have taken —at all events it is now irrevocable.

"If Lord Launceston continues as much better as he is at present, I shall probably see you before long; of course there will be some necessary business to settle with lawyers, and as, in my uncle's situation, all trouble and unnecessary details must be spared him, the best plan will be for me to go myself to town and meet the men of business; therefore in about a week or ten days you may expect me at Richmond.

"How little did I think when we last parted, that I should return to you engaged to Augusta! It is difficult not to be inclined to become a predestinarian.—We seem to be allowed so little choice in what concerns us most—we are tantalized with an appearance of freedom of will, when in fact we have it not.—God grant that all may be for the best!

"F. T."

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Lord Launceston continuing in that state of amendment which allowed of Trevelyan's departure from Cornwall, he took leave of him and of his future bride, and repaired in the first place to his sister's at Richmond. Miss Trevelyan thought her brother much improved in looks since she had seen him—now nearly three months ago—his spirits too were certainly better, and yet there appeared to be a something forced about them, which it pained her to observe; he never alluded in any way to the past, and she could not help remarking that he talked much less about his destined wife than his invalid uncle. Rarely, when at Richmond, did he leave his sister's fireside, although she more than once rallied him on his laziness; but he seemed now on principle to partake of her sedentary habits, evidently dreading the recollections which every object in that neighbourhood forced upon him.

He was detained above a month by necessary business, and passed the time either at his

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sister's or at Lord Launceston's house in town, which was now to be considered as his own.

At length, about the beginning of November, Trevelyan was again on the road to Cornwall. As he drew near the end of his journey he felt—and he joyfully welcomed the feeling—certain emotions of pleasure on returning to what had now become to him a home. The business in which he had been engaged had familiarized his mind to the prospect of all the endearing ties of wife, children, and family; and the contemplation of such interests could not fail to have full power over one with so warm a heart as Trevelyan possessed, or to produce feelings of goodwill, even of tenderness, towards her, who was to be the link to bind him to all these charities of life. Augusta's character was also one of those which, when contemplated from a distance, might possibly inspire stronger feelings of regard and interest than when brought

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to the near view of daily intercourse; for the greater moral virtues necessarily then fall back, or at least become the invisible foundations of the qualities which attract us, and we look for those lighter charms of mind and manners which so delightfully dress up the dullness of ordinary existence:

> Light wit, which plays along the calm of life,
> And stirs its languid surface into smiles;
> The happy, grateful spirit that improves
> And brightens every gift by fortune given;
> That wander where it will with those it loves,
> Makes every place a home—and home a heaven.

There was never a fault to be found either with Augusta's manners or conduct; but there was always a something wanting—that something which to the eye of love has but too often the power to "cover a multitude of sins."

Trevelyan's heart beat as he drove through the village which led to the park-lodge, and was welcomed by the smiling faces and respectful obeisances of its inhabitants; and he

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even eagerly looked out of the carriage window in search of his uncle and cousin, who might, he thought, be now returning from their usual morning drive. Augusta had probably been watching for his arrival, for she met him in the hall, and the additional tinge of colour in her cheeks evinced the pleasure which his presence gave her. For the first time then, as he tenderly pressed her hand in his, Trevelyan really fancied he loved her, —and, had Augusta been one who knew how to improve this advantage gained over her future husband's better feelings, she might now have bound him to her for ever, if not by the rapturous ties of passion, at least by those of affectionate regard.

But Augusta, unwittingly, herself weakened the power over Trevelyan's heart, which the recollection of her many good qualities had gained when absent from her; and he again felt in her society that painful solitude of mind for which nothing can compensate. His

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spirits, therefore, which on his first return to Trevelyan Castle had been raised without any effort on his part to what they were even in his best days, again sunk to their now habitual level, and at times an involuntary feeling of dismay came over him as the day fixed on for their wedding approached.

It had been settled that their nuptials should be celebrated on the second of December, (Augusta's birthday,) and every preliminary preparation was consequently now in progress.

Both Lord Launceston and his daughter warmly pressed Miss Trevelyan's joining them immediately, in order to be present at the ceremony, but Trevelyan, for various reasons, rejected the idea. His sister's health was not now equal to so long a journey in winter; and the consciousness that the presence of one so well acquainted with all the past events of his life, would render it more difficult to him to

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harden himself against feeling which his principles told him he now should conquer, determined him at once to decline the proposal in her name.

As for Augusta, she was one of those strangely constituted beings who had never in her life formed any intimate friendship, and who had never felt the want of such a comfort; so that she actually could think of no one whose presence on such an occasion might have been a gratification to herself from their known interest in her welfare. Therefore, after various discussions on the subject of the approaching marriage, it was finally decided that the ceremony itself should be private, and in consequence that Mr. Penrhyn and his family, with whom, as distant connexions of Lord Launceston's, more than ordinary habits of intercourse had been kept up, should, with the wife and daughter of the officiating clergyman, alone be present. It was farther arranged that the Penrhyns

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were to remain at the castle after the celebration of the nuptials, while the new-married couple should repair to their house for about a week, Lord Launceston appearing by no means inclined to accord them longer leave of absence, and Trevelyan, perhaps, feeling no greater wish to petition for it.

A splendid marriage, such as would have gratified Lord Launceston's feelings of family pride, being therefore, under all circumstances, out of the question, and indeed the situation of the parties as to near relationship allowing of no long train of respective aunts, uncles, and cousins, Lord Launceston resolved, in order to gratify his love of show and ostentation, to celebrate this important event in his family in another manner. Orders were in the first place issued that all the household, who had with their master hitherto remained in deep mourning for the deceased heir, should, on the auspicious day which was to give to Lord Launceston another son, re-

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sume their splendid liveries. Bells were to be rung, oxen roasted whole, and bonfires lit in every direction on the second of December, and a plentiful repast and splendid ball were to be given to the tenants, their families, and the immediate neighbours on the day when the bride and bridegroom should return to Trevelyan Castle. In short, the same scene of gay festivity which had taken place on the celebration of poor St. Ives's majority was now to be once more enacted at the marriage of his sister.

Trevelyan again and again remonstrated against all these outward demonstrations of joy; he shrunk almost with alarm from such preparations for happiness: for disappointment had rendered him superstitious, and his mind painfully recurred to those former rejoicings, which had been but the prelude to a funeral. And although the fond lover, in the first raptures of happiness, with his bride at his side, may delight in those flattering expressions of

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joy and exultation around him, which accord so well with the buoyant feelings of his own heart; yet, in a marriage contracted under such circumstances as Trevelyan's, any useless parade of felicity could not but be painful. He also dreaded the effects of so much fatigue and excitement on Lord Launceston's enfeebled nerves and body, and brought forward that objection when advising Augusta to persuade her father to relinquish his projected entertainments.

But Augusta, who had no small share of that hereditary pride of birth and family which prompted all this display in her father, took the matter up in quite a different light; she said Lord Launceston was so bent upon it, that she was certain that opposition to his wishes would do him more harm than any excitement of pleasure; that, for her part, she quite agreed with him in thinking it right and proper that such demonstrations of joy should take place; "for I am sure," added she, with more of senti-

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ment and *abandon* than Trevelyan had ever before witnessed in her, "I at least have every reason for wishing to celebrate joyfully the day on which I become your wife." Such a speech, and from the cold formal Augusta, could not fail to silence Trevelyan, and the preparations for the approaching nuptials proceeded.

The first of December arrived. "Twenty-four hours more," thought Trevelyan, when he that morning rose from sleep, "and my fate in life is fixed for ever!" His head fell on his clasped hands, and he knelt in prayer before the Disposer of all events, but his prayers were made in "those groanings which cannot be uttered," for his mind was in too perturbed a state to allow him to form one distinct petition. He immediately left the house, and walked for some time in the adjoining wood, expecting every moment to be summoned home by the usual breakfast-bell. Eleven o'clock struck, and he still continued pacing backwards and

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forwards on the terrace-walk before the drawing room windows—but no bell rung.

Fancying at last, from the unusual lateness of the hour, that, while engaged in his own reflections, the sound of it might have escaped him, he was just returning to the house, when he saw the steward hastening towards him with disturbed looks. "Lady Augusta begs you will come to her directly," said he. "My lord is not so well this morning, and he has just had a return of his fainting-fit."

Much alarmed, Trevelyan hurried to his uncle's apartment, and found the servant's story but too true. Lord Launceston, half dressed, was lying back in his arm-chair, with his eyes fixed, apparently unconscious of all around him, while his daughter at his side was, with wonderful presence of mind, administering everything which could possibly restore him.

"Send off directly for Doctor Beattie," said

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she to Trevelyan, as he entered the room, "and in the mean time, I am so sure that taking some blood would be the best thing to be done, I think we may safely send for the village apothecary to cup my father." Trevelyan took hold of his uncle's hand—felt his pulse—and after some doubt and consultation, they sent for the nearest medical man to come immediately.

Lord Launceston appeared in some degree to revive after being bled, and when the physician from Truro arrived in the afternoon he was at least no worse. Dr. Beattie greatly approved of the prompt measures which had been resorted to, pronounced the attack to be of the same nature as the last, although more serious; but still, although he could not deny that there was great danger, he said the case was not quite hopeless. Augusta did not leave her father till near midnight, when, at Trevelyan's earnest entreaties, she retired to rest, as he promised to keep watch at his uncle's bed-side during her absence.

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And no one was better fitted to be at that moment a *garde malade* than Trevelyan, at least as far as wakefulness may be considered a recommendation, for he was in a state of mind, which would at all events have precluded the possibility of sleep. All the vague presentiments of evil which had of late oppressed his spirits appeared to be now realized. It seemed to him that it was decreed he and Augusta should not be united—that an interposition of Heaven itself had stopped their marriage!

Trevelyan started, shocked at the thought which had thus forced itself upon him, still more shocked, that at the bottom of his heart a feeling (rebel to his will) made him find relief in the idea. He rose from his seat, in order to break the chain of his thoughts, and endeavour to forget the unreasonable, the ungrateful sensation, which had for an instant thus involuntarily shot through his soul.

The clock struck one: it was now the second

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of December! *that* day, on which he was to have plighted his faith to the faultless Augusta!—*that* day, which was to have fulfilled the wishes of her worldly father, and there he lay in the stupor of illness, scarcely aware of his own existence. Trevelyan felt his thoughts to be too dangerous companions to hold any parley with, and therefore had recourse to a book, to which, during the many lonely hours of the night, which he now passed in the sick chamber, he did his best to fix his attention. The medicine which the physician had ordered, and which was administered to the patient at stated intervals by his servant, who remained in the adjoining room, seemed to have the desired effect, for Lord Launceston passed a quiet night, without any recurrence of the most alarming symptoms.

As soon as it was daylight next morning, Trevelyan heard a gentle knock at the door. It was Augusta, come to relieve him in his attendance on her father. He immediately,

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though softly, hurried up to her, with a smile on his face, to assure her all was well, giving her also a minute report of how the invalid had passed the night; and then, looking kindly at her, as he clasped her hand in his: he endeavoured thus to express his sympathy and sorrow for the altered circumstances under which they on *that* day now met. Augusta slightly blushed, but said nothing, and, drawing him to a more distant part of the room, she, with the most perfect composure of look and manner, said, "Of course, you will stop all the preparations for our marriage; and would it not be right to send directly to the manor-house to let the Penrhyns know what has happened, and that everything is of course now put off?"

Trevelyan, still willing to think that this insensiblity was assumed in order to spare him, again with more fondness than before, pressed his intended bride's hand in his, as, with real pity, he looked on the afflicted daughter,

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suffering, as he thought, under feelings of severe anxiety as well as those of disappointment.

Who but Augusta would not then have sought relief for those feelings in the luxury of tears, and the solace of unrestrained confidence with him, who was on that very day to have been bound to her by the nearest and dearest of all ties!

But Augusta appeared not to have the slightest suspicion of what Trevelyan meant to express by that silent language of kindness (a language so far more eloquent to the heart than that of words) and, unmoved, she continued, "If the preparations for entertaining the cottagers cannot now be stopped, I have been thinking that it will be a good plan, rather than the provisions should all be wasted, and the people disappointed, for the bailiff quietly to divide the bread and meat among the poorest families: he has, I believe, a list of those who were to have partaken of the food, if not, I can give it him."

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There was something so dreadfully thoughtful and sensible, and so chillingly unsentimental in all this, that involuntarily Trevelyan let go the hand which he had still held in his, and, merely saying he would settle every thing, left the room, begging Augusta not to worry herself; an unnecessary injunction, for Augusta, happy woman, never was worried.

Lord Launceston remained in much the same state for above a week. At last, he appeared to rally out of the stupor in which he had hitherto continued, and his bodily strength also improved so far, that Doctor Beattie allowed him to be removed from his bed to an adjoining couch. The first symptom which appeared of returning sensibility and recollection was, his inquiring how many days must still pass before the 2nd of December. Trevelyan, to whom this question was addressed, thought it best to humour the mistake, and therefore replied that it still wanted a week of the time. "Oh! then, by the end of the

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week, I shall be quite well again," said Lord Launceston, "which is fortunate, for I would not have the wedding-day put off for the world; that always brings bad luck."

The week, however, slipped past him without his being yet equal to take any cognizance of time, although he never ceased talking of the future marriage, continually inquiring whether every thing was ready for its celebration. At length, after about ten days more had elapsed, and as his ideas became clearer, he began to suspect that he had been deceived, and, forgetting that his own illness was of course the cause of the delay, he grew painfully anxious on the subject, and talked about it to every one, as if to try and detect the true reason for the wedding being thus deferred. Indeed, his irritability on this point increased to such a pitch, and became at last so much a part of his disease, that Doctor Beattie evidently alarmed about his patient, requested a private interview with Colonel Trevelyan,

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and, having imparted to him his apprehensions, he ended by strongly recommending that the marriage should take place immediately. "Only let it all be as quiet as possible," added he, "for Lord Launceston is in that state that any violent excitement may be fatal; he must not be moved out of his room, for I should wish as few new objects as possible to meet his eyes just now; but if the ceremony could take place in his own apartment, and with no more witnesses than absolutely necessary, I think it is advisable that it should. And, as a friend even, I really recommend it, for I cannot answer for his lordship's prolonged life, and under these melancholy awkward circumstances, I can well imagine what your feeling of anxiety must be; so if I might venture to interfere in such an affair, which is certainly out of my line," added he, smiling, and kindly taking Trevelyan by the hand, "my advice would be, that you at once speak to Lady Augusta, and

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try and persuade her to agree to an immediate marriage, although it must now take place under such different auspices from those anticipated. I suppose, of course, all the papers and law part of the business are ready," continued the doctor, "so could you not name to-morrow?"

"To-morrow!" repeated Trevelyan, actually starting.

"Yes, to-morrow," resumed the doctor, in a decided tone, "I really advise that there be no more delay; and I am sure Lady Augusta's excellent sense will point out to her the propriety, the necessity indeed, of this precipitation. I will, if you like, be myself here at any time you will name, that I may be at hand in case Lord Launceston should in any way need my assistance, as that will, I think, be a satisfaction to us all."

The calm, the sensible Augusta made no objection to what Doctor Beattie advised, but again returned to the subject of the rejoicings

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in the village, inquiring whether it would not be better that they should now, in compliance with her father's wishes, take place, as the scene of action would be too far distant from the house for him to be in any way disturbed by the noise, and she knew that his mind was still set upon such a celebration of the event.

Oh! no, for God's sake!" said Trevelyan, hastily interrupting her, and with more of impatience in his manner than he had ever before betrayed, "this is surely not a moment for fêtes and rejoicings. Then, angry with himself for having thus given way to even momentary irritation with his bride, and assuming a smile, he took her hand, saying, "Well, then, I may tell the kind doctor to be here to-morrow by one, for he seems to think that will be the best hour to name, as it will least interfere with Lord Launceston's usual time for reposing before dinner."

One o'clock on the 27th of December was therefore fixed upon. A messenger was imme-

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diately despatched to Mr. Penrhyn, to request that he and Mrs. Penrhyn would, if possible, attend as witnesses, and the clergyman was informed that, at half-past twelve o'clock next day, the carriage should be sent to bring him to the castle, as the weather promised to be unfavourable. Winter had already begun, with severity. A chilling north-east wind blew dismally round the house, and the sky was of that uniform sombre hue, which foretells a heavy fall of snow.

When Trevelyan first opened his eyes the next morning, he saw that his anticipations were realized, for the thick flakes were falling fast; the country around was one uniform dazzling sheet of white, and all track of the road across the park had already disappeared. Directions were immediately given to have it cleared as fast as possible, and the carriage ordered to go for the clergyman half-an-hour earlier than had been first named. Doctor Beattie arrived about one, giving but a bad account of the

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state of the roads, as the snow balled very disagreeably in the horses' feet, rendering speedy progress impossible. One o'clock, two o'clock struck, and still Mr. and Mrs. Penrhyn did not appear, although they had sent back word by the messenger who had been despatched to them the day before, that they would be at the castle very soon after twelve.

Worried and perplexed, Trevelyan was consulting with the doctor as to what had best be done, when they at length, at a little before three, arrived, having been detained by the snow.

By this time Lord Launceston had unfortunately fallen asleep, and Dr. Beattie advised that he should by no means be disturbed. Nothing could be more awkward, more disagreeable, than all this delay, particularly to one in Trevelyan's state of mind; and again the superstitious feeling that their marriage would not take place forced itself upon him. Whether this time he welcomed or repelled the idea, we will not presume to say.

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Augusta, who had all this while remained in Lord Launceston's apartment, came in at last to welcome her friends, saying that her father was now awake, that he seemed much refreshed, and was inquiring anxiously whether Mr. Penrhyn was arrived.

"Well then, my dear young lady," said Doctor Beattie, in a low voice to Augusta, "let us lose no more time." Augusta changed colour; and, saying she would return in a few minutes, left the drawing-room, accompanied by Mrs. Penrhyn, while the three gentlemen repaired to Lord Launceston's apartment.

The clergyman, in his surplice, and with the open prayer-book in his hand, was there already. Trevelyan involuntarily shuddered when he saw him; a strange expression crossed his face, and he bit his closely-shut lips. Lord Launceston held out his hand to his future son-in-law. "I wish you joy, my dear Frederick—a happy day this to us all; and as soon as I am well enough, we will

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have all our rejoicings and gay doings; but where is Augusta?" added he impatiently, "send for Augusta."

Augusta appeared. The clergyman took his station at a small table, beside which two footstools were placed; he beckoned to the bride and bridegroom to advance towards them, and immediately began the ceremony.

Trevelyan had read and re-read the marriage service over and over, in the hope of familiarizing himself to it, and thus avoiding certain recollections and associations which he so much dreaded, especially at a moment when he wished his thoughts to be particularly collected; but notwithstanding these precautions, when he now again heard it delivered in a solemn voice, the past rushed on his mind with an overwhelming force. Those words "Who gives this woman away?" which had before rent his soul with such agony, now again vibrated to the very bottom of his heart.—The forms of Theresa Howard

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and Herbert Leslie flitted before his dizzy brain—and, with a still colder, more trembling hand than that with which he had then united another bride to her bridegroom, he now plighted his faith to Augusta.

The clergyman, observing General Trevelyan's excessive agitation, shortened the ceremony as much as possible, and in a very few minutes all was over.

A pause and dead silence ensued. No one seemed to know what to say or do. The Penrhyns had too much good taste to come forward at such a moment, and under such circumstances, with common-place congratulations; besides, having been cautioned by Doctor Beattie to avoid every thing that might agitate Lord Launceston, fear silenced them, and indeed they, as well as the kind-hearted Doctor, were too much overcome with the scene they had just witnessed, to be able immediately to recover the power of speaking.

A melancholy marriage seems an anomaly

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in human life, and the marriage of Frederick and Augusta Trevelyan was in every respect most melancholy. Poor Lord Launceston, enfeebled in body, and nearly imbecile in mind, lay on his couch, gazing vacantly on the bride and bridegroom, seemingly perfectly unconscious of the tears which stole down his wan emaciated cheeks, and still more of the feeling by which they were occasioned. His only surviving child, brought up in all the pomp and ceremony of rank and riches, celebrating thus the prominent event of her life in the dark chamber of sickness, without any accustomed train of attending friends and family, or any of the usual gay parade of marriage; and, above all, the strange unaccountable agitation of the bridegroom, his blanched cheek and quivering lips, all conspired to throw a gloom over the scene, which could not fail to strike those of any feeling.

Lord Launceston at length himself broke the silence; he beckoned to his son and

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daughter to come to him — again joined their hands, and kindly kissing Augusta, seemed to be giving her his blessing; he then held out his hand to the Penrhyns, and, after thanking them for having come, he made signs as if he wished to be left alone. They immediately took the hint, and moved towards the door. Their departure first roused Trevelyan from the trance, in which he had hitherto appeared to be lost, and he hastily followed them out of the room.

Mr. Penrhyn, attributing his nervous emotion merely to the dismal auspices under which his nuptials had been celebrated, and thinking all the better of him for the feeling he thus betrayed, the instant they had left Lord Launceston's apartment, went most kindly up to him, and endeavoured to dissipate the melancholy impression.

"Cheer up, my dear sir," said he, "all will be well. I assure you I have found Lord Launceston much better than I expected; and

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now this joyful, but nervous, event is over, you will see that he will rally, and you know the old saying, 'a bad beginning makes a good ending.' But now let me ring for the carriage, for it is near four, and we must make our way home as fast as possible."

"Really," said Trevelyan, "you had better not think of returning to the manor-house this evening; it is getting dark, and you know how bad the roads were even when you came, and the snow is still falling."

"A thousand thanks," replied Mr. Penrhyn, "but we must return home to night."

"Then only wait till I order an additional pair of horses to your carriage," said Trevelyan; "Lord Launceston now never uses them, and it is really doing the animals a service to give them some exercise; I should have thought of this before, but"——

"Indeed, my dear General Trevelyan," replied Mr. Penrhyn, laughing, "it is more than allowable that a lover on his wedding

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day should forget his friends. I will not, however, refuse so good an offer, since you say it will really be no inconvenience, and with four horses there is no fear."

Mr. Penrhyn's carriage, thus prepared for difficulties, and with Lord Launceston's coachman mounted on another horse to guide the postilions on their way, now appeared already white with the fast falling snow; the men, though well wrapped up, blue with cold, and the horses holding their ears and tails close to their shivering bodies, as if to defend them from the pitiless storm.

When predisposed to melancholy, the most trifling incident increases the feeling, and Trevelyan could not resist the dismal presentiment of misfortune which every circumstance of his wedding-day seemed to forbode. "Well, God bless you all," said Mr. Penrhyn, as he took his leave of Trevelyan; "if the weather mends I will ride over some day soon, and see how you all get on; and this time next year we

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will have a jolly celebration of your marriage, to make up for all the contretemps of to-day."

They drove off—in a few minutes Dr. Beattie also departed, accompanied by the clergyman, whose house he necessarily passed. "I have administered a composing draught to my patient," said he, on taking leave of Trevelyan, "as a precaution against any possible evil consequences from the recent agitating ceremony, and have now left him in a very comfortable state, under the care of Lady Augusta, who is all that is good and attentive; so once again allow me to offer you my most sincere congratulations;" and shaking the bridegroom by the hand, he followed his companion into the chaise.

Trevelyan remained for some time, as if stupified, on the steps of the house, watching in unconscious abstraction the progress of the carriages. But, at length roused from his trance by the intensity of the

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cold and the snow beating in his face, he returned to the now empty drawing-room. It was already darkened by the gloom of the evening; there was not a sound to be heard but the dismal whistling of the wind. The confused recollection of the event which had just taken place benumbed his faculties, and, sinking overpowered into a chair, he there remained alone with his bewildered thoughts—the wedded husband of Augusta!

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CHAPTER III.

The keenest pangs the wretched find,
Are raptures to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
The waste of feelings unemployed.

BYRON.

LORD LAUNCESTON did not survive his daughter's marriage above three weeks, thus verifying Dr. Beattie's prognostication, when, notwithstanding the momentary improvement in his patient, he recommended her hurried nuptials. During those three weeks Augusta's attentions to her father were unremitting, but when her attendance upon him was closed by death, she met the event with perfect composure, as if her mind had been too much

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familiarized with the prospect to be deeply affected when it was realized.

She immediately expressed a wish that every possible mark of respect should be paid to her deceased parent. Trevelyan well knew what she meant, and accordingly gave orders for a pompous funeral pageant; for, although such demonstrations of grief and respect were not at all accordant with his feelings, yet on this occasion it was every way impossible for *him* to object to what gratified those of his wife, if they were to be thus gratified; and, strange to say, they were.

After her father had breathed his last, Augusta did not again steal to the bed of death to pray by his lifeless corpse. She did not alone revisit his now deserted apartment, and weep in his empty chair, but, from the half-closed windows of her room she looked out on the long mournful procession with pride and respect, and felt no small degree of complacency in the thought that

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she was thus proving to the world her filial piety and affection.

When, at the last turning of the road, the hearse finally disappeared from her sight, perhaps a few natural tears then stole down her cheeks, but the satisfactory conviction that she had done her duty soon dried them up; and with her sense of duty to all appearance ended also her tenderness of feeling. The very day after the funeral, she, as a thing of course, left her own apartment, and resumed her accustomed habits and occupations; nor did she ever miss many an object which, being connected in Trevelyan's mind with her deceased parent, he had previously to her return into the public part of the house carefully removed.

Thus, without any great revolution having apparently taken place in the existence of either Augusta or Frederick Trevelyan during the last six months which they had passed together, they on a sudden found themselves possessors of Trevelyan Castle as Lord and

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Lady Launceston. And so quiet had been the transition from his former life, so little had Trevelyan, previous to these six months, contemplated the possibility even of any of those events which now placed him in so different a situation, that it was some time before he had sufficiently recovered from what appeared to him a strange dream, to be fully aware of the reality of his present existence and prospects.

To Lady Launceston the change came, if possible, still more quietly, as she hardly seemed to feel it at all, or the means by which it had been effected. There is scarcely a daughter who, on seeing her husband thus at once established in her father's place, and even addressed by his name, would not, at least at first, be overcome by many a burst of feeling at the startling substitution, much as her heart might overflow with affection for the individual thus in a manner concentrating in himself every sacred tie. But Augusta's

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calm disposition was a stranger to all such useless self-inflicted sufferings, and the very first time that Trevelyan heard himself called by his new title it was by Augusta herself, when delivering some order to a servant concerning him. It was no doubt quite right and proper she should thus designate him, for such was certainly now his name; but as the sound proceeded from her lips Trevelyan involuntarily contracted his brow, and a vague, painful feeling of disappointment chilled his heart.

The Penrhyns came, and all the neighbours followed, after a time, to pay their respects and offer due condolence and congratulations to the new Lord and Lady Launceston. Augusta received them all with proper courtesy, and returned all their visits at the proper time and in proper order. She continued also in the same exemplary manner to fulfil all her duties to her poorer neighbours, lecturing her schoolmistress, order-

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ing the children's hair to be cut and their faces washed, and doing that in the same manner, and with precisely the same feelings, with which she dispensed food to the hungry and clothes to the naked. In everything that concerned the place and her domestic arrangements she scrupulously applied to her husband for his approbation and sanction, as to the lord and master of all, (however much in practice she might quietly adhere to her own original intention,) and moreover, in justice to her it should be added, that, as far as her nature allowed, she testified her satisfaction in having a lord and master to whose *supposed* authority it was certainly no disgrace to submit.

Thus quietly passed the remainder of the winter, unmarked by any peculiar joy or sorrow, for life ever moved quietly on with Augusta; she was blessed with a most perfect equanimity of temper, no thoughtless word or action entailing perplexities and

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regrets ever ruffled its uniform placidity, no occasional exhilaration or depression of spirits ever varied her manners or conversation, so that if she imparted no charm to daily life, she at least never disturbed its peace.

It was settled that Lord and Lady Launceston should repair to London after Easter, in order that the former should take his seat in the House of Lords, and preparations for their change of residence were accordingly made. Just before they left Cornwall, an event took place, which at the same time that it convulsed all Europe, especially agitated Trevelyan. This event was the sudden rupture of the peace of Amiens, and that lawless measure of vindictive vengeance on the part of the First Consul, by which, in flagrant breach of the law of nations, he arrested all the English travellers found on the Continent at that moment. When Trevelyan read this intelligence in the public papers, his first thoughts were for Theresa. Where was she? and to

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what evil might this arbitrary political measure expose her?" So sudden and so strong were the private apprehensions to which this piece of public news had given rise, that in his first alarm Trevelyan was on the point of betraying his feelings to his wife, but on turning towards her, the calm countenance which then met his eyes immediately recalled him to his senses, reminding him that Augusta was certainly the last person to whom he could impart his present anxiety.

Never once had Theresa been named, or even alluded to between them. On Trevelyan's first return to Cornwall, after the Egyptian expedition, many inquiries were made both by his uncle and cousin after Miss Trevelyan, but with respect to his other former companion, not a word had ever been said by either, except *that* once, when the chance likeness to Theresa in Vandyke's portrait and the coincidence of surnames had suddenly recalled her both to Lord Launceston's and his nephew's recollection.

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Augusta had no doubt observed Trevelyan's admiration for his beautiful charge, during the visit which the trio had paid together at Trevelyan Castle three years before; for having even then fixed her mind on her cousin as her future husband, her jealous feelings had rendered her more alive on that subject than she habitually was on others. But whether she had (or indeed *could* have) any idea of the extent of Trevelyan's feelings for his ward, and of the pangs which her loss inflicted, we cannot pretend to say, for Augusta was not of a communicative disposition, and admitted no one into her confidence when she could possibly help doing so. That she never once pronounced Theresa's name, or in any manner alluded to her existence, is, however, certain, whatever may have been the feelings which dictated this reserve; and Trevelyan on his part had no wish to start a subject, which, notwithstanding all his efforts, still agitated his soul. Therefore, as if by mutual

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consent, Theresa Howard was to them as if she had not been.

As we have already said, Trevelyan was soon aware that all attempts at similarity of sentiment between him and his wife were vain, and that it was therefore totally impossible to establish with her that union of heart and mind so necessary to the happiness of married life. But his feelings of regret on this their want of sympathy were now not unmingled with those of self-reproach; for although he had certainly never been invited by Augusta to any thing like open confidence, and could therefore hitherto plead to himself her reserve as, in some degree, excusing his own, his conscience now told him he was decidedly the aggressor, as he was deliberately, systematically resolving on the concealment of feelings which might reasonably be deemed treasonable towards a wife; the object of this mystery being one whom he had adored — one who still ——. But it was a subject on which

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Lady Launceston could not possibly understand him. So why torture himself by what might after all prove only a dangerous disclosure!—For if he on principle did attempt to explain his present sentiments with regard to Theresa, Augusta would inevitably misconstrue them, and possibly be led by her jealous imagination even beyond the truth. Influenced therefore by these considerations, Trevelyan at length resolved on overcoming what he now again deemed his overstrained scruples of conscience, and on persevering in that silence and reserve which seemed to have been established between them by Augusta herself. A fatal wall of separation was thus at the very outset of their married life raised between Lord Launceston and his wife; and the former persuading himself that the peculiarity of his situation exculpated him from all blame, insensibly retreated into a sort of abstracted melancholy of soul, which, by separating his existence from that of others,

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seemed to himself to exalt it, and at last produced a sort of mysterious enjoyment.

Immediately on their arrival in town, Lord and Lady Launceston drove down to Richmond to visit Miss Trevelyan. She was overjoyed at seeing them, for she had ever been partial to Augusta, the best side of whose character had alone met her indulgent eyes; and having in consequence, not only done full justice to her good qualities, but also given her credit for many more than she really possessed, Miss Trevelyan fancied that under her brother's present circumstances she was the fittest person to contribute to his domestic happiness. Besides, as they were now, not only first cousins, but sisters-in-law, Lady Launceston's manner was of course unusually kind and cordial, and Miss Trevelyan in consequence still more deceived with regard to her real disposition.

How often is some mere deficiency in the character thus mistaken for a positive per-

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fection; want of feeling exalted into self-command, and the absence of all interesting warmth of disposition miscalled superior sense and prudence! Hence the success and good name which the cold and indifferent obtain in the world; for never offending by zealous interference in any matters not strictly regarding *themselves*, they escape all those difficulties into which persons of livelier feelings are hurried, "they come into no misfortunes like other folks, they are not plagued like other men."

Richmond always made Trevelyan thoughtful, and his spirits were the more depressed by observing the evident alteration in his sister's looks; he more than once anxiously inquired after her health, thinking she appeared, during the whole of their visit, as if enduring great bodily suffering. But she only laughed at his inquiries, saying, she was never very stout and blooming, and was now of course growing old and infirm; at last, however, seeing she could hardly raise herself from her couch without

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actual pain, he returned to the charge, intreating her to speak to some medical person if she would not to him.

"Well, as you are so determined to pry into my secrets," said she, smiling, "I will own I have not been very well of late, but I have put myself under Doctor Hume's care, and he will, I dare say, soon set me up again." And then, as if anxious to change the subject, "By the by, Frederick, are you yet established one of the pillars of the state? has the country yet benefited by your sage counsels? I am, I own, a little inclined to be suspicious of a soldier's politics, as they are—naturally I suppose—always advocates for war; but I really hope you," looking at his one arm, "have had enough of that pastime, and may be content."

"Indeed, I quite agree with you," said Augusta, "I think Lord Launceston may rest satisfied; he has done his duty to his country, at least in one way, and I hope he will now

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condescend to the quieter task of taking care of it at home; to-morrow, I believe, you are to take your seat," added she, to Trevelyan.

Just then John came in to say the carriage was waiting, and Augusta soon after rose to depart. "Do, before you go," said Miss Trevelyan to her brother, "give me a frank;" and she drew him away to a table at the further end of the room for that purpose. When there—"Tell me," she continued in a lowered voice, "for, seeing no one, I hear no news; is it positive that we are going to begin again all the miseries of war? and what do you suppose will happen in consequence of this abominable order of Buonaparte to stop all English travellers? What will become of them?"

"God knows!" said Trevelyan, with embarrassment, the colour rising in his face; but directly recollecting himself, he added, with assumed gaiety, "It is all too long a story to tell now, for I believe the carriage has been here this age, and it is raining hard; but I

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shall ride down some day soon, to see what you and Doctor Hume are about, and then I will bring you all the news I can collect, since even you, it seems, are grown a politician!"

Augusta took her leave, and left the room; Trevelyan followed her, but, just as he had reached the top of the stairs, he suddenly stopped and hurried back to his sister. "Louisa," said he, in a low agitated voice, "you know nothing of the Leslies, do you? Have you any notion where they are?"

"No, none," she replied. "Indeed, I had hoped you might have given me information respecting them, which was the reason of my inquiring so anxiously about public news; but as you said nothing, I did not like abruptly to name them to you; although," added she, kindly pressing her brother's hand; "I hope all that is now quite gone by." Trevelyan's blood again tinged his cheek, but he said nothing — and she continued, "I have heard nothing whatever of Theresa since last

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September, when she wrote to me from Venice; it was a very short letter, and she did not even mention where they were going to next; she made many inquiries after you, and said she hoped, when they went to Naples, she might be lucky enough to fall in with you if you were still in the Mediterranean, for she was not then aware of your having returned to England." Trevelyan made no comment on all this, but again warmly pressing his sister's hand in his, hurried down stairs after his wife.

The next day, as we have already mentioned, was that fixed upon for Lord Launceston's introduction into the House of Lords; and accordingly, in compliance with the usual forms on such occasions, attended by two peers of similar rank, he took the solemn oath of allegiance to his sovereign.

Having been nearly all his life engaged in active service abroad, Trevelyan was little known in the world of London, so that, as soon

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as he appeared, his tall commanding figure and handsome countenance attracted general attention; and the curiosity of his brother peers was immediately roused with regard to their new member. The circumstance of his one arm also, and the Egyptian medal on his breast, increased the general interest which he inspired, for in those days brave deeds in arms had not, as now, added so many heroes to the peerage, and it was not then usual to see the venerable robes of that order covering the wounds and weapons of the soldier.

A particularly interesting debate took place that night, and Trevelyan, to whom the whole scene was new, whose ardent character particularly fitted him for entering with enthusiasm into the weal and woe of his country, and who felt so keenly the want of some strong interest in his existence, readily gave his whole mind to what he that night for the first time saw and heard, welcoming with joy the prospect of occupation to his life and feelings,

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which his duty as a member of that house seemed now to promise him. The debate turned on some transaction at the termination of the war, which had occurred in the Mediterranean; and encouraged by his next neighbour (who, from his conversation, found he could give the immediate information required), Trevelyan rose to speak, and in a clear energetic manner, explained the subject then in discussion. A new speaker always meets with encouragement; besides, Lord Launceston's politics not being as yet quite ascertained, both parties vied in testifying most flattering approbation, and when the house broke up several distinguished members, both Whigs and Tories, begged to be made known to him. All this excitement was so different from the dull, heavy life which he had led of late, that Trevelyan's spirits were in a most agreeable manner affected by the contrast, and he felt as if there was still a possibility of interest, at least, for him in this world, if not of happiness.

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Just as he was leaving the house, an old Egyptian friend, General Campbell, who had, below the bar, been attending to the debate, made his way up to him, most warmly congratulating him on the brilliant success which had attended his maiden speech, and on his well-deserved hereditary honours. "They really become you," said he; "I declare I could not at first believe my eyes when I saw you get up, though I thought it must be you when I learnt the name of the new speaker; but I should hardly have recognized you, for you are quite another man from what you were when I last saw you lying sick and wounded on the deck of the Undaunted. I was so glad, too, when you, in such a bold decided manner, put them all to rights, they were going on blundering at such a rate;—but how can it be otherwise, when men sitting here at their ease, will fancy they can settle and pass judgment on events which take place at the other end of the world, and which cannot be settled

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but by hard blows? It is an excellent thing that there should be some members in this house who have, like you, gone through these hard blows, and know a little—that planning is one thing, but doing another. Apropos! talking of settling, I hear you are married, and to your cousin, Lady Augusta, who is, I am told, handsome and excellent, and every thing a brave man's wife should be."

And again the old general heartily shook Trevelyan by the hand, renewing his congratulations on all his good fortune; a well-meant compliment, no doubt, but which painfully checked Trevelyan's unusual exhilaration of spirits. "By the by," continued the general, as he and Trevelyan were together walking towards the lobby, "I think you are somehow connected with the Leslie family (my neighbours in Scotland, you know). Have you heard anything positive about the very unpleasant story, which is, I hear, to-day reported in town, that, according to this shame-

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ful edict of that ruffian Buonaparte, Lord Herbert Leslie has been arrested near Nismes, and that in his attempt to escape he was mortally wounded?"

Trevelyan gave a violent start. "What do you say?" he exclaimed, eagerly. "Mortally wounded!—Where?—By whom?"—

"Oh! it is supposed by the gendarmes, who were sent to seize him," continued General Campbell, "and from whom not very wisely he attempted to make his escape. It is altogether a strange confused story; for it is said the Leslies had assumed feigned names, and were travelling under the protection of Madame de Bricqueville, the French general's wife, whom another version of the same story names as eloping with Lord Herbert. In short, I could not very well make it all out; but I fear there must be some foundation for the report."

The agitation which this intelligence produced upon Trevelyan, may be better imagined

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than described. A thousand painful images presented themselves in a minute to his mind. Theresa in danger—alone—in a foreign land—exposed to every difficulty—to insult—and he unable to defend and assist her! But, perhaps, the first, the last, the strongest, the overwhelming thought—one which would obtrude itself, notwithstanding his conscience severely reproached him for its culpable selfishness, was—that Theresa was perhaps now free—and he himself irrevocably bound to another!

Trevelyan busied himself all next day, and the next and the next, in endeavouring to discover the truth, and obtain further particulars of this affair, but in vain. He traced the original story to a young man of respectable connexions, who had through all sorts of dangers and disguises at last effected his escape to Havre, and from thence reached England in an open boat. Ascertaining the residence of this gentleman, Trevelyan immediately hurried to him, but he could obtain no further or more

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positive information. He said he could not vouch for the accuracy of the story, but such was the account brought to Valenciennes by one who had lately been arrested in the south of France, and carried to that depôt of *détenus*. Trevelyan next wrote to Lord Falkirk, but before his letter could have reached Scotland, he received one from the unhappy father, who having also heard the fatal news, applied to Trevelyan for what further intelligence he might have gathered. Thus, therefore, ended for the present all hopes of ascertaining the truth of the report; and the anxiety which this cruel state of doubt naturally occasioned, for a period engrossed Trevelyan's mind, to the exclusion of even that strong interest with which the affairs of his country had of late so happily inspired him.

As time, however, wore on, and nothing more was heard, the fever of his mind naturally abated. That the Leslies were among the

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détenus was very certain, if *he* indeed was still among the living; for several months now passed, and they never appeared, and still no letters from them reached England. The captain of a man-of-war, who had left the Mediterranean in June, said that he had seen Lord and Lady Herbert at Naples just before the breaking out of the war, but where they went to on that event, or what became of them, he could not tell.

Whether Augusta ever observed her husband's additional gloom and abstraction at this period, and if she did, whether she ascertained the cause, is known to herself alone, for she never breathed a word on the subject to him or any one; and Trevelyan, on his part, was of course no less careful to conceal his feelings from her; indeed, it was only when alone with his sister that he ever ventured to name the Leslies—ever even alluded to their existence!

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In this state of ignorance, Trevelyan again left town, but soon after his arrival in Cornwall he received the following letter from Lord Falkirk:

"MY DEAR LORD,

"KNOWING the interest you take in the fate of my son Herbert, I hasten to inform you, that I have at last, through the means of the Admiralty, obtained news of his safety, and of his being at present among the *détenus* at Verdun. As yet this is all I know, but as private letters occasionally make their way to England, we may hope before long to obtain further intelligence from themselves. Lady Herbert is not particularly named, but as I begged for all possible information respecting them both, we may conclude from this silence that she is certainly with her husband, and we will hope well.

"Of course no exertions on my part shall be wanting to procure their release, but my friend Lord Melville gives me little encourage-

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ment for hoping that it can be easily effected, at least at present.

"I am, my dear Lord, yours,

"FALKIRK."

Trevelyan endeavoured to derive from this information the consolation which it seemed intended to give. The certainty of Lord Herbert's being still in existence, was no doubt a relief to his mind, as it quieted many a fear relative to Theresa's welfare, and also laid to rest certain vague painful feelings, which the possibility of her being now free had given rise to.

But still, this account of their present situation was little calculated to end all anxiety respecting her. Her seemingly hopeless unlimited residence in another country—a country with which war had cut off nearly all communication, and where the manners and morals were so peculiarly dangerous to one so inexperienced, so young, so beautiful! All these considerations, naturally changing the nature

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of his anxiety, rather than relieving it, he remained, if possible, still more uneasy than before.

After another month had elapsed, Trevelyan received a letter from his sister, and on opening it, every pulse in his frame beat, for his eyes fell on the once well-known hand-writing of Theresa! The sight imparted a momentary ray of delight to his heart, for it seemed for an instant as if he was once again actually beholding her!—This letter, which was addressed to Miss Trevelyan, and dated from Verdun, was very short; she merely said that they had been arrested at Nismes, and conveyed from thence to Verdun, where they then were with many more of their countrymen, but that they had some hopes, that through the medium of a friend, and in consideration of Lord Herbert not being a military person, they might before long obtain permission to remove to Paris, which would be every way a more desirable residence for them. She apologised for the

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shortness of her letter, pleading the danger of entering into any details, and ended by lamenting bitterly the total ignorance in which she lived respecting her dear friends in England.—With this letter ended all news of the Leslies for many months.

In the following winter, Trevelyan became a father. This new and rousing interest could not fail to have full power over one of so affectionate a disposition, and whose heart had so longed for an object on which to dispose of its tenderness. The birth of his son had also the happy effect of exciting him to more active zeal in the discharge of his duties as an extensive proprietor, and member of the great senate of the kingdom; for he now felt that there was one whose weal and woe was deeply involved not only in his own, but in that of his country, and that by his active exertions for the public good he would be at the same time labouring for the future welfare of the new object of his affections. And this

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renewed energy of mind proved even still more beneficial to Trevelyan himself than to the being who had inspired it, such important avocations preserving him from sinking into a state of gloom and depression, from which perhaps not even the duties of a parent, during the first years at least of his obtaining that endearing title, would have entirely rescued him. For he had a worm ever gnawing at his heart, the consequence as much of the bitter disappointment which had attended his married life, as of the loss of her whom he had adored.

Additional years of habitual intercourse had not tended in any greater degree to assimilate Lady Launceston's dispositions with his own; on the contrary, having from the first pursued their separate solitary paths, they had in their progress in life necessarily wandered farther and farther from each other, until the distance seemed to be widened beyond all hope of recovery. Even their children became an additional cause of separation, instead of acting as

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sacred links to bind them to each other—for there, as in everything else, Augusta's dry formal notions of duty, which ever converted pleasures into toils, came in and spoiled all. There was such perpetual lecturing and teaching of the elder boy, such doctoring and coddling of the younger, that Trevelyan was at last sickened of the whole business, and grew to hate the details of a nursery as much as naturally he would have taken interest in them. Augusta was ever the nurse and governess rather than the mother; and as Trevelyan took up his parental duties in a far higher tone, the children gave rise to eternal disputes about trifles, notwithstanding his systematic indulgence of his wife's wishes, and her habitual placidity of temper.

But in Lady Launceston there was united with that placidity another quality, which not unfrequently accompanies it, when proceeding from temperament rather than principle, namely, a most unbending adherence to her own

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opinion, founded on the comfortable conviction that, as she was always in the right, those who differed from her must necessarily be always in the wrong. This defect in Augusta's character which gradually developed itself in the progress of their married life, at first provoked her husband's smiles rather than his anger. But marriage is a sort of moral microscope, the test of whose magnifying powers few characters can stand; and although it may sometimes bring to view charms of heart and mind, which the diffidence of youth had hitherto concealed; it oftener, alas, only exhibits in stronger lines the defects inherent in human nature — those defects, which, being at first scarcely visible, no way marred the fair picture that had captivated the eye, but which now, growing stronger and stronger on the sight, too often end in alone arresting the attention.

The quiet self-satisfaction, and placid positiveness of Augusta's disposition, acted in a

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peculiarly unfortunate manner on the more lively feelings of her husband, and, as even in the most hard-fought battle she ever retained her own immoveability of temper, her less phlegmatic opponent appeared in consequence always the one in fault, being irritated into a warmth of expression, which never escaped from her lips. Thus mutually provoking and provoked, they by degrees nearly ceased from all communication on those little circumstances of daily life, which, trifling as they are in themselves, have nevertheless the power so much to destroy or add to its happiness; and, finding in consequence neither comfort, interest, nor sympathy at home, Lord Launceston was driven into scenes of wordly amusement, naturally little congenial either to his taste or feelings. Not that he found in them the happiness he longed for; but, while thus engaged, he at least experienced a temporary forgetfulness of his sorrows, and a degree of occupation to his mind which he felt

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to be absolutely necessary, in order to prevent it from preying on itself, and from ever recurring to that delighful vision of domestic felicity, in which he had once fondly indulged. And this degree of wholesome excitement, which intercourse with his fellow creatures sometimes produced, was never to be found at his own house; for, even if Augusta did make any attempts towards society, having no ideas on the subject beyond collecting together her relations and connexions, and such relatives happening in their family to consist chiefly of elderly females, her patriarchal congregations of petticoats, far from attracting her husband, wearied him to death, and induced him to seek elsewhere for amusement better suited to one of his mind and to the circumstances in which he was placed.

Many pitied Lady Launceston for being thus neglected by her husband. Many wondered what attractions he found in the world, when his grave face and reserved manner

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evinced so little interest in anything around him. Many more wondered why he looked so grave, when every advantage this world could give was his, and had even in a manner been forced upon him. It is thus that the thoughtless and uncharitable ever boldly decide on the conduct and trials of others, although in total ignorance of the circumstances which may palliate or aggravate either. Had the secret of Trevelyan's existence been known, who would not have commiserated his sorrows! for he, like many, though he was surrounded by all the gayest trappings of life, carried into the world a mind benumbed by disappointment, and with him such feelings were the harder to bear, as not only was he denied the solace of confidence, but principle forbade his acknowledging them even to himself.

During all this time it was very rarely that news of the Leslies reached England. Miss Trevelyan had occasionally heard from

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Theresa, but any communication between this country and the Continent was at that time nearly impossible; and when these much wished for letters did arrive they were necessarily so short that they told little beyond her being in existence, and served therefore to keep painfully alive, rather than to allay, Trevelyan's feelings of anxiety respecting her. A still longer period than usual having at length elapsed without even such unsatisfactory intelligence, he wrote to Lord Falkirk, to request he would give him all the information he could; but his answer was so dry and laconic, and he professed such entire ignorance of their proceedings, that Trevelyan was not encouraged to seek for farther information in that quarter, and he in consequence remained in total ignorance respecting the fate of one who still occupied but too prominent a place in his affections.

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TREVELYAN.

PART III.

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PART III.

CHAPTER I.

—— Can I esteem thee no longer? Oh, pain,
That wrings ev'ry fibre, that thrills ev'ry vein!
Old Song.

ONE night in the spring of 1808, when the House of Lords had broken up unusually early, Trevelyan, in his way home, accompanied a friend to H——d House. He there found one of those crowded assemblies which seem to give pleasure to no one—to which every one professes a hatred, and yet to which every one flocks. Trevelyan remained for some time in the recess of a window, engaged

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in interesting political conversation relative to the recent debate, totally unheeding the crowd which buzzed around. His companion being at length called away, he was left alone, but feeling no particular interest to attract him further, he continued at the same spot, his eyes wandering carelessly over the moving mass, hardly conscious whom or what he saw. At last his attention was caught by a group of persons at a little distance, who appeared to be collected round some object of peculiar interest, and for lack of other occupation he for some time watched the party, although unable to discover any particular cause for the seeming general attraction.

As it was now getting late, he was about to leave the room, when suddenly, by the moving of some of those who formed the crowd, he beheld a figure which immediately riveted his attention.

She was dressed in the fashion of revolutionary France, a costume which, from the

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total separation of the countries during the last five years, had been little seen, or at least was not then generally adopted in England. Her shoulders, of most dazzling beauty, were naked nearly to the waist, and the lines of her graceful figure were scarcely concealed by the statue-like drapery which hung over it, and which appeared to be secured around her merely by the girdle that enclosed her waist. Long dark glossy ringlets hanging down on each side of her cheeks and throat, at the moment, entirely hid her features; but the general contour of her head rivalling the beauty of a Grecian bust, gave full promise of perfection in the averted face.

Trevelyan beheld all this with mixed feelings of admiration and disgust; but—on a sudden—a strange, mysterious presentiment took possession of his soul—he again gazed at the figure before him breathless with fear, hope, and anxiety.—She at last moved—she turned towards him!—At once every pulse

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in his frame ceased to beat, and his senses became confused — he wildly looked again. She now on a sudden caught his glance, and her eyes were instantly earnestly riveted upon him!

Those who have been separated by fate from the object of their romantic affections, and have, perhaps, for years dwelt on the dear recollection until it has become a sort of dream of the imagination, will know that when at last that visionary form is suddenly realised before the eyes, it bursts upon the senses with the awfulness of a phantom. Such were Trevelyan's bewildered feelings, when, after a total separation of so many years, he thus unexpectedly again beheld Theresa!

On her part, to recognise him—to fly to his side—to seize his hand with rapture—to pour forth the most vehement expressions of delight, was the affair of a moment. But still Trevelyan continued to stare wildly at her, as if he had lost all power of speech or motion.

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Observing how much her abrupt appearance had agitated him, (for Theresa needed no one to assist her in reading the passions of the soul,) she, pressing his hand in her's, said, in a low voice, "Come with me into the next room—it seems nearly empty, and we may there talk more quietly, for this is no place for saying all we both have to ask and to tell;" and putting her arm within his, she led him into the outward apartment.

When there, seated on a couch by her side, his hand still pressed in her's, and once more actually hearing the accents of her beloved voice, Trevelyan in some degree recovered from his emotion. He then ventured again to raise his eyes towards her; indeed, it was now only that he actually saw her, for all before had been confusion.

At five and twenty, Theresa was still more beautiful than at eighteen; her figure, the principal charm of which had before consisted in the slim airiness of youth, was now beau-

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tifully rounded into a woman's form; her complexion was still more brilliant, her eyes still more sparkling. But Trevelyan withdrew his from their glance with a sort of mental shudder, for they had in them an expression which turned his very heart sick, although he could not — would not — have described it, they told him of scenes to which they had probably been witness, and which appeared to have left upon them a stamp of their lawlessness!

"And is it really you, Colonel Trevelyan?" said Theresa, looking at him with most unfeigned pleasure; "I can hardly believe it is not all a dream! for you can form no idea of the happiness of this meeting to me—to me who have been so long an exile, and who have lived in such total ignorance of the existence even of every creature I loved, that I positively did not dare make enquiries after any one. Judge therefore of my delight on seeing *you* so unexpectedly! But I have so

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much to learn, I hardly know where to begin. First, however, tell me, may I venture to ask after dear, dear Treevy?" and Theresa looked with painful anxiety in her companion's face for his reply.

"My sister still lives," said Trevelyan, who had now at last recovered the power of utterance; "but well, I cannot say she is."

"And do you still live with her?—at Richmond?" inquired Theresa.

"No," replied Trevelyan, with embarrassment—"I live — I—am married!"

"Married! good Heavens! tell me quickly to whom," said Theresa, with increased eagerness. Trevelyan, with some hesitation of manner, named Augusta.

"To Augusta! to your cousin the Lady Augusta?"

It was evident that Theresa's first impulse had been to express surprise and disappointment, but, suddenly checking herself, "We did not somehow agree very well formerly,

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you know," said she; "but now she is your wife, I am sure you have taught her to be every thing that is charming.—Excellent, she always was; indeed, too excellent for me, which was, I fear, the true secret of our not suiting; and if that were the bar to our friendship before, what will it be now?"—added she, with a something between a smile and a sigh. "But I will be as hypocritical as I can, in order to win her regard, for your wife I *must* love, and your wife I am determined *shall* love me;" and as she uttered these words, she looked at him with an expression which, had he ever seen it in Augusta's countenance, he would have hailed as the promise of every future happiness.

Theresa continued thus for some time, pursuing her eager inquiries, while Trevelyan, on his part, could not summon courage to ascertain by what miracle she now appeared before him; whence she came, with whom she was now in England, or had spent the last years of her life. For he felt, as he looked at her,

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and was again startled by the indelicacy of her dress and the free glance of her eye, that she had much to tell—too much perhaps—and he wished as long as possible to indulge in the delirium of happiness which, founded on ignorance of all that had befallen her since they had parted, and still more on the temporary forgetfulness of all that had befallen himself, had taken possession of his senses.

It was now very late, and, for some time during the latter part of this *tête-à-tête* conversation, figures had been gliding through the room wrapped in shawls and cloaks, until the greatest part of the company was gone; but Theresa, totally engrossed by her companion, seemed to have no thoughts of moving, and Trevelyan could not bring himself to dissolve the delightful dream by adverting to the hour, or making the slightest motion towards leaving her—still Lord Herbert was never named by Theresa, and still Trevelyan had not resolution to make any inquiries concerning him.

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At length a person looking hastily in at the door, which led from the next apartment, in apparent search of some one, exclaimed, "Oh! there you are!" and a very good-looking young man coming up to Theresa, said, in rather a tone of reproach, "I have been looking for you everywhere for this last hour, and could not conceive what was become of you; Mrs. Lindsay bids me say she wishes to go home;—that is to say, if you can tear yourself away," he added, with a supercilious smile, and then, examining Trevelyan with no very satisfied looks, his eyes appeared to take Theresa to task, for being thus occupied with another.

"What! is it already so late?" said she, with a sigh; "what a pity! fetch me my cloak, Lascelles, and I will come directly." Then as her unknown friend left the room, turning again to Trevelyan, she said in a low voice: "You must come to me to-morrow morning, I have still so much to say, and to ask. Trevelyan, who had neither time nor inclination

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to refuse the appointment, enquired where, and at what hour, he was to call on her. "There is my direction," said she, taking a card of address out of her bag," and come as early as you like, at twelve—at any hour in short, I shall be too happy to see *you*."

Her handsome young friend then returned with her cloak, and, as he assisted her in putting it on, "What in the world," said he, "is Leslie doing with himself? I have not set eyes on him to-day."

"A pretty question to ask me," replied Theresa, "I, who have not seen him since our arrival; however, so far I can give you information, that I believe he is gone with some friend, whom he unexpectedly fell in with, to Ascot races; but really I am not sure, and I should have thought you would have known better by this time than to apply to me for news of my husband."

Her friend laughed, and whispered something to Theresa, who also laughed, then hold-

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ing out her hand to Trevelyan, with the sweetest expression possible, "*à demain*," she said in a low voice, "remember twelve," and left the room arm-and-arm with her companion.

How much had Trevelyan learnt by those few words which he had now overheard. They told him that Theresa was still a wife, which, from her strange silence respecting Lord Herbert, he had almost begun to doubt; they told him that *that* love for which he had sacrificed his own existence was gone!—and all he heard and saw *would* tell him (although his blood curdled at the obtruding suspicion) that Theresa was no longer the pure, spotless being she once had been. Trevelyan remained for several minutes fixed to the spot where she had left him, engrossed by the most painful thoughts; at length, roused by the entrance of a servant, who came in to extinguish the lights, every one else being gone, he hastily rose from his seat and left the house.

When in the open air, and when familiar

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objects met his eyes in his way home, all that had passed within the last two hours reassumed the semblance of a dream! Was it possible that he was again in a manner united to Theresa? that again next day he should see her—again hear the sounds of her voice—of that bewitching voice whose tones had still the freshness of innocence! Oh! if he could but have been deceived by his anxiety—if he might but be allowed still to give way to that confiding affection which had once made his happiness!—for he felt as if every other trial would then be light in comparison.

A night of feverish agitation followed the events of that evening. Trevelyan's passions were all in wild disorder—his conscience too, confusedly reproaching him for the existence of feelings which, far from attempting to control, he had not yet had courage to investigate. The next morning he (almost unconsciously to himself) delayed as long as possible en-

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countering his wife at breakfast, for he felt as if she must read the secret of his soul in the very first glance at his countenance. The instant he appeared at the drawing-room door, his little boy ran up to him; "Oh, here's papa! dear, good papa!" and he presented his rosy face for the accustomed kiss. Trevelyan took up the child in his arms, as a sort of skreen between him and Augusta. "Oh! but, papa, I fear you have not been good—your face looks all I don't know how, as Freddy's does when he won't say his letters. Has mamma been scolding you?—have you been crying? Oh, naughty papa!" and the child playfully held up his finger at Trevelyan.

"Papa has a bad headache," said Trevelyan, in order to turn off the child's observation on his disordered looks into another channel, fearful that his remarks might attract those of his wife.

"A headache! Poor dear papa! I will

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kiss it and make it well," and the child began caressing him most fondly.

"I suppose the House sat very late last night?" said Augusta, without ever raising her eyes towards her husband; "for I think it must have been near three when you came home. Was there any thing particular?"

"No, nothing," said Trevelyan, conscious that he coloured as he spoke; and he seated himself at the breakfast table, little St. Ives on his knee, who readily swallowed the food which Trevelyan, unable to eat himself, poured down the child's throat to avoid detection.

"St. Ives! St. Ives!" said Augusta angrily, "don't you know I have forbidden you to eat eggs? Lord Launceston, I do wish you would not feed the child at this time, you will ruin his stomach: there is nothing so bad for children's digestion as being fed at irregular hours."

Little St. Ives, with a start and blush of alarm, laid down the piece of well yellowed toast he was just putting into his mouth;

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and the rest of his breakfast remained uneaten on Trevelyan's plate.

"I was wishing to speak to you about the children's health," continued Augusta: "Freddy is, I am sure, not well; and Doctor Nicholson says he cannot be well as long as he stays in London; and he quite agrees with me that it is impossible for children to exist in town. Why, only consider how far they have to walk before they can get any thing like fresh air! they are quite knocked up before they get to the Park; and if I send them in the carriage, they are so hurried; for you know Freddy is not awake till twelve—indeed, sometimes not till full a quarter after! and then there is the servants' dinner at one—and it never answers breaking into regular family hours; so you see it is all quite impossible to arrange; and the fact is, if you must and will stay in town as long as Parliament sits, you should, in justice to the children, get some place near, to which we could

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send them, out of the horrid smoke of London, for it is really killing them by inches keeping them shut up in a close street half the summer. Dr. Nicholson entirely agrees with me, and, in short, says they *must* go out of town without delay. He told me the other day of a very airy house which is now to be had at Cheshunt, with a good garden, and not above twelve miles from town; and that would be the very thing. I wish you would ride down and look at it?"

"I cannot to-day," said Trevelyan, hoping thus to get rid of the matter.

"Well, but will you to-morrow?" continued Augusta, who never gave up any point on which she had once insisted. "Dr. Nicholson agrees with me there is not a moment to be lost on account of the children; besides, the place may be gone. Freddy has not a proper appetite certainly, and does not get as strong on his legs as he should. Doctor Nicholson seems to think he may possibly

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have worms; and indeed he says he should not be surprised if Louisa showed a tendency to determination of blood to the head, though she looks so well, for one cannot always judge by complexion."

And thus Augusta went on in a most wearisome manner, discussing minutely the symptoms and possible causes of these possible complaints in her children. Trevelyan the while making no comment, for in truth his thoughts were far away both from his children's heads and stomachs. Augusta, taking his silence for doubt of her assertions, continued, "I see you don't believe me, but only speak to Doctor Nicholson yourself; he will tell you precisely the same story, and, luckily, I expect him every minute." And to Trevelyan's dismay the Doctor's well-known chariot at that instant driving to the door, he was doomed to hear a repetition of the whole story of worms, digestion, fulness of the vessels, bad air, and the absolute necessity

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of regular hours, diet, and exercise for children.

Trevelyan listened to all this, and to Augusta's long comments on the Doctor's opinions, with as much patience as he could command; and being in no humour to dispute the matter, Augusta and the Doctor easily carried their point. It was accordingly settled that the house at Cheshunt should be inquired after without delay; and Trevelyan, glad to have thus got rid of the subject, the minute he could extricate himself from these medical discussions, repaired to his own room. More than once, during breakfast, he had resolved on mentioning his meeting with Theresa, but was each time restrained by vague apprehensions with regard to the manner in which Augusta might receive the intelligence, and still more by those he could not help entertaining respecting Theresa herself. He, besides, persuaded himself that any disclosure on the subject had been rendered

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impossible by Lady Launceston's long medical disquisitions, and that it was too late to commence the subject now, when it wanted but half an hour of the time at which Theresa had appointed him. Thus silencing any qualms of conscience which might force themselves upon him, Trevelyan passed that half hour restlessly, pacing up and down his apartment; and the instant the clock struck twelve, darting out of the house, he hurried to Mivart's hotel.

On his arrival, he was shown up two pair of stairs, where he was accosted by a very smart little Frenchwoman, who smiling and curtseying, said she would conduct him to "miladi;" and opening a door at the further end of the passage, she at once announced him.

"Lord Launceston!" he heard Theresa exclaim; "Mon dieu, Marianne! à quoi donc pensez vous de le conduire ici!" and observing it was a bed-room, Trevelyan was hastily retreating, when Theresa, who now caught a

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glimpse of his figure, called out, "Oh! is it you? then it is all right, come in; I had quite forgotten your new appellation, and really thought your much-respected, aristocratic uncle was doing me the honour of a visit. But I hate this new title of your's, so you must really condescend to be always Colonel Trevelyan to me, for that name is associated in my mind with too much kindness, too much happiness, for me ever to consent to address you by any other."

The momentary alarm occasioned by her mistake had brought the most beautiful colour into Theresa's cheeks; and as she said these last words, and took Trevelyan's hand, a look of such bewitching sweetness softened her eyes, superseding that free glance so revolting to his feelings, that again his confidence in her unaltered character revived.

"Come, sit down," continued Theresa, "here is a *fauteuil* for you.—By the bye, I dare say you are shocked at my receiving you in my

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bed-room; and I am now so used to that foreign custom — habit, you know, being a second nature — that it never once occurred to me even to apologise to you for treating you so *sans cérémonie;* and I desired Marianne to bring you up here, as I thought we should be so much more quiet, and less exposed to tiresome interruptions."

Theresa was dressed in a loose wrapping-gown, her glossy black ringlets were concealed beneath a quantity of lace, which, hanging over her face, gave to it a peculiar look of delicacy and softness. A French novel lay open on the table before her, which was covered with flowers, perfumes, books, and jewels, all in strange confusion.

The maid, after having been told to let no one in, with a sort of arch smile, and bow of *agacerie* to Trevelyan, departed, and a pause of a minute ensued; for when thus left *tête-à-tête*, the past circumstances of their intercourse seemed to come back awkwardly

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to them both, and neither appeared very well to know with what subject first to break the silence.

At length Trevelyan overcoming his emotion, and without looking at Theresa said, "Is Lord Herbert at home?"

"Oh, no! I believe not," she replied carelessly; "I do not think he has ever returned from Ascott; but I really know nothing about his movements since our arrival the night before last:" then laughing, she added, "probably, you, with your English domestic notions, may be as much shocked at this total ignorance of mine concerning my husband's proceedings, as at my receiving you in my bed-room; but here again habit has become nature—one gets used to every thing," said she with a sigh, and a tear starting into her eye.

"A strange report reached England about five years ago," continued Trevelyan, with his eyes still averted from Theresa, "that Lord Herbert had been killed at Nismes, when

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endeavouring to make his escape from those who arrested him."

"Yes—since my arrival in England, I have heard that the world was so good as to convert me into a widow," replied Theresa; "but it was not quite so bad as that—the real truth of the story was, that being at Naples when war again broke out, we daudled on there much too long, as Herbert could not bring himself to leave his *chère amie*, Madame de Bricqueville, who persuaded him that under her protection he had nothing to fear—at last quarrelling with her *quondam sposo*, on account of *his chère amie*, Madame de Bricqueville determined on leaving Naples in search of better fortune elsewhere, and it was settled that we should travel homewards under her escort, Lord Herbert and myself passing for a French gentleman and lady, friends of Madame de Bricqueville: perhaps you will again wonder at this sociable arrangement," continued Theresa, "and I can't say I liked it much myself at

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the time, but I soon found *qu'il faut hurler avec les loups*, and so on we proceeded most lovingly and without molestation till we reached Nismes. Unfortunately, the commandant of that place had seen us before, and as bad luck would have it, owing General Bricqueville a grudge on account of some military appointment of which he thought he had deprived him, he in revenge (concluding the General privy to our escape) immediately arrested us. Madame de Bricqueville interposed—but the commandant using some strong language with regard to the fair mediator, Herbert of course, *en preux chevalier*, resented the insult. A scuffle ensued, in which he was slightly wounded—however, it proved to be nothing, only rendering him for a time the more interesting in the eyes of Madame de Bricqueville. All this story was reported at head-quarters by the commandant, and we were in consequence regularly detained. In due course of time, Madame de Bricqueville deserted her *cavalier*

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sirvente, and soon after we were removed to Verdun. That was a detestable place, as it contained every possible temptation to evil, without possessing one redeeming attraction (in my eyes at least);—and as I also had contrived to make friends among those then in power," continued Theresa, with an arch smile, "I managed to turn my influence to better account than Herbert had his, and we were in consequence, through the interest and exertions of General St. Clair, allowed to remove to Paris, where we have remained ever since."

Theresa paused, as if uncertain whether to proceed with her narrative; but after a minute of apparent recollection, she continued. "No residence could be every way more agreeable than Paris—at least while money lasted, and, by some means or other, Herbert contrived to keep matters going:—whether the life we led, and the society in which we lived, were exactly such as dear Treevy would have approved of,

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I am not so sure;—but it was full of pleasures of some sort; and Herbert and I, each in our different ways, partook of them most freely. During all this time, I heard nothing from you or Treevy. I suspect few of the letters written on either side ever reached their destination; and it is difficult to continue writing when in a state of such total ignorance as that in which we then were respecting all our friends in England. Month after month therefore passed without my having courage to make any attempt towards the renewal of an intercourse which I sometimes fancied you wished should die away;—perhaps, also," continued Theresa, mournfully, "I felt I had no good to say of myself, and that we had better both of us be forgotten."

Theresa again suddenly stopped, drawing a long breath, as if to suppress a nervous sob that was rising to her throat, but soon overcoming the feeling which had appeared to occasion it, she proceeded.

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"Herbert's good fortune at last forsook him; all remittances from his father had long since ceased, and growing desperate, he eagerly caught at Lascelles' offers to assist him in effecting our escape. — But I forget, — you don't know about Lascelles. He was, with ourselves among the *détenus* at Verdun, and had also obtained leave to remove to Paris. For some time he continued to advance money to Herbert, but, as his means were also beginning to fail, that compact could not continue; and at length both becoming weary of so uncertain an existence, they turned all their thoughts towards England. In what manner our escape was effected, I am not at liberty to tell — nor will I tell you upon what conditions Lascelles agreed to our sharing his fortunes."

Theresa was silent, — a crimson blush suffused her face, and she fixed her eyes on the ground; while Trevelyan, trembling in every limb, looked at her aghast.

"I see what is passing in your mind," said

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she, after a minute, and with a wild quickness of manner. "I read your suspicions—but, thank Heaven! I can still look *you* — still look the world in the face. Although slighted —scorned—although my doating affection has been repaid by neglect, I loved him,—I loved *myself* too well to resent my injuries as I might have done;—ay, and fool that I am, to you I will acknowledge that I *still* love Herbert too well to——."

Here Therasa's voice became quite choked with her emotion, and after one or two vain attempts at repressing her feelings, she burst into an agony of tears.

Trevelyan, shocked beyond the power of words, sat motionless. In a minute, however, Theresa to a degree recovered herself. "You know," she continued, with the tone and manner of violent excitement, "you know how devoted my heart was to him. Heaven knows how devoted it would ever have continued—I had lavished on him every faculty of my soul—I

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loved him with an enthusiasm that made me see nothing in the world but him! It was a short delirium of happiness dearly purchased by years of pain and disappointment. It was long before I *would*—before I *could* open my eyes to the truth;—when at last it forced itself upon me—when I at last saw the deception of which I had been the dupe—or, perhaps, rather which I had practised on myself—when I saw, past all possibility of doubt, the misery of my situation"—— Theresa's voice again faltered, and as if too much overpowered by her feelings to proceed, she abruptly rose from her seat, and hurrying to the window, threw up the sash, eagerly welcoming the fresh air which blew on her agitated face.

After remaining thus a minute, she turned towards Trevelyan, and with a smile said, "Don't let me alarm you—the fit will soon be over; such *accès* do not visit me often now—indeed, I had flattered myself I was quite hardened to it all; but seeing you again, and the recol-

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lections which the sight of you has revived, are all too much—and have quite overpowered me:" then covering her face, she sobbed aloud.

Trevelyan could endure it no longer—he darted towards her—he seized her hand—he called her by the most endearing names—he faltered out the kindest words of comfort.

Just then, a knock was heard at the door, and Marianne, without allowing time for an admitting reply, appeared. Theresa made sign to Trevelyan not to leave her; and composing herself with a quickness that was quite astonishing to him, she demanded of Marianne what she wanted.

"Monsieur est ici," said she, "et demande s'il ne peut pas être admis."

"Ah! dites lui que je ne peux pas le voir dans le moment," replied Theresa, in an hesitating tone.

"Je le lui ai dejà dit, et que Miladi est très *particulièrement* occupée," said the soubrette with a sly glance at Trevelyan. "Mais, Mon-

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sieur veut savoir ce qui l'occupe, car il est venu tout exprès pour se devouer au service de Miladi."

"Dites lui," said Theresa, assuming a calm look and manner, as if the presence of Trevelyan had inspired her with the dignity and boldness of rectitude. "Dites à Mr. Lascelles, de ma part, que je le prie de revenir dans deux heures, que la voiture est ordonnée, et que j'espére qu'il m'accompagnera chez Madame Lindsay. Mais que dans le moment un ami que je n'ai vu de six ans, un ami de ma jeunesse est ici, et que nous parlons d'affaires."

"Ah! il est question d'affaires avec un ami de la jeunesse!" repeated Marianne, as with a look of pert incredulity she again stared impudently at Trevelyan. "Je ne me doubtais pas de cela; bien, je dirai tout à monsieur, et il faut bien qu'il soit content."

"Attends, attends," said Theresa, and hastily writing a few words with her pencil on

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a scrap of paper, "Là," said she, "donne lui cela ; et ce que j'ai écris suffira."

As Marianne pertly spun out of the room with her dispatch, she muttered to herself, although loud enough for both Trevelyan and her mistress to hear her, "Ma foi ! ce serait bien mieux de lui dire tout bonnement que qui va à la chasse, perd sa place."

"Petite impertinente, tais toi," said Theresa, sharply, although evidently amused rather than indignant at her excessive insolence.

"The truth is," added she, turning to Trevelyan, in whose countenance she plainly read surprise and displeasure ; "Marianne is, I suspect, just now in high favour with Lord Herbert, which is the real secret of her impertinence to me."

This intrusion of Marianne's, and the nature of her errand, were, perhaps, on the whole, fortunate circumstances at that moment, as the lawless levity of all he saw and heard, awaken-

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ed Trevelyan from a dream of tenderness and pity, which had for the time made him forget everything but Theresa, and Theresa unhappy! He had gradually retired to a distance from her, and resumed his former seat, while she remained at the window, her head leaning on her hand.

"Lady Herbert," he at length said, "may I speak to you as a friend? Will you let me still exercise my former office of guardian?"

"Most willingly, most gratefully!" exclaimed Theresa with fervour; "but on one condition, that you still call me Theresa, as in days of yore; unless, indeed, you think (as I suspect you do) that I have forfeited all right to such endearments of friendship."

"Who?" continued Trevelyan, in a grave firm voice, and no way noticing what she had just said, "who is this Mr. Lascelles? What are his rights over your time—your actions? How come you to be living on terms of such extraordinary intimacy with him—and *what*

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are the *conditions* to which you alluded?" he added, in a lower voice.

Theresa coloured. "Really," said she gaily, "vous abusez un peu du privilege de tuteur. You cannot expect I will tell you *all* my secrets at once; and surely I have told enough for one day—far too much," added she, after a moment's pause, and in an altered tone; "I have told you a tale, which you little could have thought, when we parted on my wedding-day, ever to have heard from me."—And again big tears rolled down her flushed cheeks. "It is strange how low and nervous I am this morning," she continued. "I don't know what has come over me," and leaving her seat at the window, she for some time walked up and down the room, endeavouring to compose herself.

At last she went up to Trevelyan. "I will finish my confessions to you another time," said she, "but I cannot now—for I am somehow a fool to-day—tired and not well, I suppose.—So let us talk about yourself—about

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dear Treevy; I do so long to see her! when can I go to her?"

"That is just what I was going to ask you," said Trevelyan, for he too longed that Theresa should find a refuge for her wild undisciplined feelings in the edifying influence of his sister's society.

"To-morrow?" said Theresa.

"Yes, the sooner the better," replied Trevelyan, eagerly; and then as if some thought had on a sudden changed his first impulse, he added, after a minute, "I will see if Lady Launceston will like to go with us to-morrow."

"Lady Launceston!" exclaimed Theresa, "oh no, for Heaven's sake, do not propose to her to be *en tiers* with us. I have not *made myself up* for her yet," said she, laughing, "for I must not venture to present myself before the all-perfect Lady Augusta with all my blushing imperfections on my head—and surely, even your stiff English propriety can-

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not think there would be any harm in you and me driving down together to Richmond to see your sister!"

Trevelyan did not reply immediately, for in truth he knew not what to say—he more than agreed with Theresa, in thinking that Augusta would be in every way *déplacée* and very much *de trop* in such an expedition; but, perhaps, it was for that very reason—it was because he already looked with delight to those hours which he was to spend with Theresa, *tête-à-tête*, that he felt it was absolutely necessary at once to put an end to the present mystery about her. He was fully aware that his former system of concealment could not—indeed, *ought* not—now to continue; for instinct told him that Augusta, calm and passionless as she appeared, might be capable of the most suspicious jealousy.

"Well, then," said he, after a pause of a minute or two, "will you call on Lady Launceston to-day?"

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"Why—yes—perhaps I will," said Theresa. "But should she not first call on me?"

Trevelyan's face crimsoned up to his forehead. "She does not yet know of your arrival," said he, in a low voice, and with much embarrassment.

There was again a pause. Theresa fixed her eyes for an instant on Trevelyan, and then said, "Well, I suppose if I go late this afternoon, I may be sure Lady Launceston will be out, and I can leave my card as a first introduction; for to tell you the truth, I rather dread encountering her alone. Conscience makes cowards of us all, you know; and yet," added she, after a minute's reflection, "perhaps, on the whole, it will be better that our first meeting should be without you."—For that heightened colour in Trevelyan's face had already let Theresa into the secret of his married life: a secret which appeared to be at once not only fully comprehended by her, but to excite no surprise.

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Trevelyan rose to depart. "At what time to-morrow shall we go?" said Theresa: "will one suit you?"

"Yes," he replied, in rather an uncertain voice.

"Well, then, I shall expect you here at one, and I will have the barouche ready to take us to Richmond."

So saying, she held out her hand to Trevelyan. "Good b'ye, then, for to-day, I suppose," continued she with a mournful smile, "and thanks for all your kindness, even for your lectures. I assure you, they have done me good—and, alas! I require much good to be done to me—in every way, I fear."

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CHAPTER II.

Youth! brilliant thing, that, like the summer fly,
Hast but a day to wanton in, and die;
Unlike (though stale the simile) in this,
Thy day may lack the sunshine gilding his,
May flit as rapidly, yet ere it close
Feel somewhat of the burthen years impose;
For me thou madest double haste away,
And little of enjoyment mark'd thy stay!

Old Song.

TREVELYAN was engaged to a political dinner the evening of that day on which he had visited Theresa, and as he afterwards went to the House of Lords, where he was kept unusually late, he and Lady Launceston did not meet till the following morning at breakfast. Again on appearing he was greeted by the

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joyful caresses of his children, and again Augusta returned to the subject of the villa in Hertfordshire.

"I have been thinking," said she, "as you are somehow always so busy, that I might as well myself drive down and look at this house Dr. Nicholson recommends, and so give the children a run in the country; I can take Griffiths with me to see whether it is in good repair, and that the offices are convenient; and with regard to the place itself, I dare say I shall be just as good a judge of what will suit us as you can be; indeed better, for you never will take the trouble to look into little details; and what, in this case, I must say does surprise me, you don't seem to care a bit about the matter!"

Trevelyan certainly in his own mind could but plead guilty to the truth of this latter accusation, the whole affair of the house in the country, and the unwholesomeness of London for children, having gone entirely out of his head.

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So that, on Augusta's recurring to the subject, he was not a little discomposed, as his first thought was, that this, his totally forgotten promise, would interfere most disagreeably with his appointment with Theresa; for he well knew his wife's persevering adhesion to any thing which she had once undertaken, and therefore did not very well see how to get rid of the engagement he had inadvertently made with her. His satisfaction at this proposal of her's was therefore proportionably great; and in a most approving tone he commended her excellent arrangement, and advised her by all means to drive down to Cheshunt without delay. Then, after a moment's thought, he added, "You may leave St. Ives under my charge, for if you go into Hertfordshire (and I quite agree that you will settle the business about the house ten times better than I should), I think—I shall—go to see my sister—and—I will take him with me."

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Augusta made all sorts of objections—that she was sure he would keep him out too late, that he would let him eat too much fruit, or get his feet wet, or catch cold falling asleep coming home. But Trevelyan having given way to his wife's wishes in one point, now kept steadily to his own in this, so that she was at last (for a wonder) obliged to yield.

As it was a long drive to Cheshunt and back, post-horses were ordered for the landau at twelve, at which hour Lady Launceston, the two younger children, nurses, and Griffiths, were to set out on their expedition. "And then," said Augusta, (who had a peculiar propensity for all the details of arrangement,) "you can take what carriage you please to Richmond, only remember I shall want a pair of horses to-night, for I am to chaperon Miss Penrhyn to the ball at D—— House, you know; to which, of course, I suppose you mean also to go?"

Trevelyan made no reply, for just then a

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servant entering, placed before Augusta the visiting cards which had been left the evening before, and as his eyes rapidly glanced over them, his attention was immediately arrested by discovering Theresa's, which was lying at the bottom of the parcel. His heart beat quick, and again making use of his boy as a sort of defence from his wife's observation, he took little St. Ives on his knee, and occupied himself in twisting the curls of his hair round his fingers, while Augusta was looking over her numerous visiters.

"Lady Herbert Leslie, Mivart's Hotel! Who in the world can that be?" said she, examining Theresa's card.

Trevelyan pretended not to hear her, and continued playing with the child's ringlets. Whether Augusta observed the agitation but too visible on his countenance, and if she did, what private comments she may have made thereon, is not known; but after a minute she with a peculiar dryness of tone and manner

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said, "Is that the person whom I met with formerly as Miss Howard?"

"Yes," replied Trevelyan, thinking himself now called upon to make some answer, and commanding his voice as well as he could; "Miss Howard, you know, married your brother's friend, Lord Herbert Leslie."

Augusta did not immediately reply, but after a minute resumed, in the same cold repulsive tone; "I thought they were abroad, and that no one knew any thing of them?"

"They are only just returned to England," said Trevelyan; "I do not believe they have been in London above a couple of days."

"Have you seen Lord Herbert?" inquired Augusta; "for as I do not see his card I suppose you were at home when *he* called?"

"No, I have not seen him yet, only Lady Herbert," replied Trevelyan; "and indeed it was by mere chance that I knew they were arrived." Then, after a moment's pause, he added, "Lady Herbert will, I dare say, be

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very glad if you call upon her; for she is, of course, a total stranger in London, and any civility will therefore be a real kindness."

Augusta made no reply; and there was a something so little encouraging in her looks, that Trevelyan had not resolution to proceed to inform her that he was that very day going to accompany the apparently obnoxious Theresa to Richmond.

A silence therefore ensued, which it became every moment more difficult to break; and which was at last only terminated by the entrance of Griffiths, to whom Augusta had some orders to give. She therefore immediately left the room to speak to him, and thus ended the conversation on the subject of Lady Herbert Leslie.

As soon as Lady Launceston was fairly off for Cheshunt, Trevelyan bent his steps towards Brook Street, little St. Ives capering at his side in an ecstasy of delight at the prospect of passing the day with papa and Aunt

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Treevy. On reaching Mivart's Hotel, he was again led up two pair of stairs, and again ushered into Theresa's bed-room. She was now ready dressed to receive him; every trace of tears and sorrow had disappeared from her face, which shone forth in all its dazzling loveliness. As he entered with his boy, her attention was directly attracted towards him, and she eagerly inquired whose child he was.

"Mine," said Trevelyan.

"Your's! why you never told me you had a child?" and running up to little St. Ives, she caught him in her arms, and placing him on the table before her, began caressing him most fondly.

"Dear boy!" said Theresa, after gazing on him for a minute or two, "how like he is to you! Come, you little monkey, don't be afraid of me, but put your arms round my neck and kiss me and love me;" and so saying she clasped his little hands round her beautiful throat.

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The sight of these kind caresses lavished on his child, revived too many contending feelings in Trevelyan's bosom for him to trust himself to witness them, and he hastily walked towards the window. "Will you allow him to be of our party to Richmond to-day?" said he, after a moment's pause; "for Lady Launceston is gone out of town, and he is left in my charge?"

"Most willingly; I am sure I shall be too happy to have his dear little company. Really, Colonel Trevelyan," continued she, again kissing St. Ives' round fresh cheeks, I envy you this child to love. It would have been much better for me, I dare say, if I had had children to occupy me, and make me steady; that is to say, tiresome, and twaddling, as all fond mothers are, and then I suppose I should have been thought a pattern of every virtue. By the bye, I do suspect," added she laughing, "that, after all, this is a *ruse* of propriety of your's, and that this little *personage* is

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brought *en tiers* to act the part of chaperon, for I verily believe you are afraid of being seen alone with me:" and again Theresa laughed heartily at Trevelyan's supposed scruples. "Well, as you like, for I am sure, I can have no objection to *his* company, and we shall soon be friends—shall we not, little man?"

"I friends with all pretty ladies," said St. Ives.

"Quite right," said Theresa, again laughing; "there's a wise little boy."

Theresa's carriage was now announced. "Oh! how I like this expedition," she exclaimed with energy; "come, quick—Marianne, give me my cloak and sac;" and then taking Trevelyan's arm, and holding little St. Ives by the other hand, she lightly bounded down the stairs, and the trio set off for Richmond.

When thus leaving London, Augusta, and all his cares behind him, Trevelyan, at Theresa's side, and on a delicious day in June,

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flew through the perfumed air, it seemed to him as if he had suddenly been transported into another world, and was surrounded by the delights of Paradise itself. No one of any feeling can be insensible to the fresh charms of the country, after a long confinement in town; for the sight of Nature in all the gaudy gaiety of spring, seems to renovate the very heart and spirits by greeting us on every side with sights and sounds of enjoyment. And if such are the effects produced on the calmest minds by the exhilarating scene, what feelings must it have excited in Trevelyan's on that delightful day, when she then at his side, and who was in such lovely unison with all around, was the being who had for so long been the key-stone of his existence! The cheerless blank of which he had hitherto been so painfully sensible, amid all the pursuits and pleasures of life, seemed now on a sudden filled up; and in the delirium of the moment, recklessly giving way to a temporary forgetfulness

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of the double bar of separation which fate had raised between him and his fascinating companion, he boldly repelled those whispers of conscience which would have warned him that what was so delightful could not possibly be safe.

Theresa was in the gayest spirits—all her sorrows, all her injuries seemed to be forgotten; and as she played and talked the wildest nonsense with his child, Trevelyan almost doubted whether the scene and the tears to which he had been witness but a few hours before, and which had left so painful an impression on his mind, were not all a dream —so little did they appear in connexion with the light-hearted gaiety of his seeming thoughtless companion.

As they drew near Richmond, however, this gaiety gradually subsided. Theresa became nearly silent, and on entering the town she shrank back into the corner of the carriage, as if fearful of encountering objects which necessarily brought so much to her re-

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collection. Trevelyan, who could but too well comprehend the cause of her abstraction, spoke not either, and little St. Ives alone, and unheeded, prattled on, descanting on all he saw. They thus arrived at the door of Miss Trevelyan's house. Trevelyan alighted first, and as he took Theresa's hand to help her out, he felt it tremble in his. The remembrance of the last time when, standing on that very spot, he had pressed that dear hand in his, on finally consigning her to the love and care of another, rushed forcibly on his mind, and seemed to revive all the struggles of that agonizing moment. Theresa's agitation increased so much on leaving the carriage, that he directly drew her arm within his, and hurried her into the house.

"You must prepare yourself to find my sister much changed," said he, in a low voice, as they ascended the stairs which led to the little drawing-room; "I fear she is not long for this world."

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Miss Trevelyan had been apprised of their coming; for fearful of the effects of any agitation on her fast sinking frame, Trevelyan had written to her the evening before, to inform her of Theresa's unexpected return to England, and of their probable visit to her the next day.

On entering they found the poor invalid lying on a couch, which was placed close to the open window of her little verandah, the creepers which clustered over it hanging nearly into the room; she had surrounded herself with vases of fresh flowers, as if to give to her apartment *un air de fête*, and had evidently also taken unusual pains with her dress, although little was visible of her person, a large shawl covering her shoulders, and another being thrown over her feet. The instant they reached the door, Theresa flew forward, and the next was locked in her friend's arms, sobbing like a child.

This meeting was just then too much for

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Trevelyan's nerves to stand, and catching hold of little St. Ives, he hastily descended with him into the garden.

It was some time before either Miss Trevelyan or Theresa had sufficiently recovered from their emotion to speak: the latter gazing with tearful eyes on the pale emaciated countenance of her friend. "I dare say you find me much changed, Theresa," she at length said; "six years will tell upon us all,—though I cannot say they have on you, my love," (for Miss Trevelyan's eyes were fixed in admiration on Theresa's dazzling beauty), "and I trust that in spite of your long residence abroad, you are restored to us pure and fresh in mind as in person. You know I was old-fashioned and narrow-minded enough not to approve of your foreign expedition, when it was only to have been for two years, as I thought it at best but a dangerous experiment; so judge what my anxious fears for you have been;—but I really think my evil

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bodings have not been fulfilled, and that you are returned to us the same Theresa you ever were."

Theresa averted her face. "I was never worthy of your kindness," said she; "you always thought too highly of me."

"Well, at all events," replied Miss Trevelyan, in a light tone, "you are not grown conceited, and I am not sure that humility was one of the qualities for which you were most famous formerly — hey! Theresa? Do you remember all our quarrels on that subject?"—and again smiling on her as she drew her towards her, "Dear, dear Theresa!" added Miss Trevelyan, "what good it does me beholding your young face once more; and it does my heart good also to read in your eyes that you too are happy at seeing your poor Treevy again — that you still care for us, and feel pleasure in being at last restored to your old home at Richmond."

Theresa's quivering lips alone answered this

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appeal to her feelings. "I have so much to learn about you," continued Miss Trevelyan, "so much I want to ask, I hardly know where to commence my queries; but first tell me, where is your husband? why did he not come with you to-day?"

"He is gone out of town with a friend," replied Theresa.

"He is quite well, I hope—still handsome?—and of course still *desperately* in love," added Miss Trevelyan, smiling gaily in Theresa's face.

Theresa drew away—her colour deepened in her cheeks, and there was a pause. At last, Miss Trevelyan taking her hand in both hers, as she fixed her eyes steadfastly on her—"Theresa!" said she, "are you happy?"

"Happy!" repeated Theresa, quickly, in a strange uncertain tone, (for that is a startling word when the heart does not readily echo to its sound)—"yes, to be sure I am! Happy as the world goes," she added, with assumed

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gaiety; "we must all have our cares, you know. Why, you yourself, dear Treevy, were always telling me this world was not the place in which to seek, or hope for happiness. I did not believe your words then," said she, with a melancholy smile; "I knew nothing of the world in those days beyond this kind sheltering roof. I chose to leave the 'happy valley,' and of course met with the ills of life like others; but really, after all, during these last five years, mine has been such a strange unsettled existence, I have hardly had leisure to think whether I was happy—still less, perhaps, whether I was good."

Miss Trevelyan looked earnestly in Theresa's face, at a loss to guess from her odd flighty manner, whether there was any foundation for the quick suspicions to which her suddenly altered tone and countenance had given rise. She therefore forbore to press the matter any farther just then—but again taking her hand, she kindly said, "We must by

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degrees tell each other everything that has happened to us since we parted.—My story will be soon told, Heaven knows!" she added, with a sigh.

"It is your story, however, which I wish to hear," said Theresa, eagerly catching at her friend's words, in order to turn the discourse from herself; "although I fear I can but too well guess what it has been. You *have* suffered —you *still*, I am afraid, suffer much."

"God, my child, proportions our strength to the evils He wisely inflicts! Had it been shown me all I was destined to endure, I fear weak human nature would have shrunk from the sight in dismay; and yet, year after year of constant suffering has passed over me, and my poor worn-out frame still struggles on; indeed, I am now so used to pain, I have nearly lost all recollection of the enjoyment of ease and health, and am therefore spared those aggravations to my sufferings which such comparisons always occasion—such mere bodily dis-

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comforts, particularly those of a body so exhausted as mine now is, cannot last long, and are therefore easy trials to our faith and fortitude, compared to those to which this world's happiness exposes us. Oh, Theresa! I wish your task in life may be as easy as mine has now become," continued Miss Trevelyan, gazing in her young friend's face with the tenderest expression of interest; "I wish I felt sure you were as happy in your lot as I am in mine; but still you can be sustained by that same Almighty Power which has strengthened me; it is through that Divine assisting power alone that I have been enabled to submit to tortures from which my human nature would have shrunk; it is that power which now opens to me a happiness beyond the imagination of man to conceive!—for I look to it with certainty, as I know that He in whom I have trusted is faithful—that what I could not have done for myself, has been done for me—and that I may therefore die in the sure hope of a blessed immortality.

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How, therefore, with such prospects before me, can I complain, if a few more hours or days must still be passed in sickness here below; for this world, with its joys and sorrows, has become so little to me,—indeed, I had no idea I still clung so much to any one earthly thing as I now feel I do to you, Theresa, and I bless God for his goodness in granting me this one more earthly pleasure."

While she spoke, Miss Trevelyan's countenance had assumed a degree of animation which rendered its expression almost celestial. Theresa gazed on her in mute astonishment. "I have so long prayed," she continued, "to be allowed to see you again before I die!—and my prayer at last seemed so hopeless, that as I now look on your dear face, I could almost fancy you were a blessed messenger sent from Heaven to tell me that my hour of release was come, and that I am soon to be admitted into that world where there will be no more pain or sorrow, and where we shall be again united for ever in happiness."

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It was so long since such words—since the voice of religion had sounded in Theresa's ears, that its accents awed and overpowered her, and gazing on her friend as on a being of some superior order, she involuntarily sunk on her knees. "If you knew," said she, in a passion of grief and contrition, "the weak erring creature at your side, you would not talk of meeting her in that happy world to which you are hastening. Oh! if I had but your consolations!" she continued, clasping her hands together in fervour, "if those hopes—those feelings, which make you look even upon death with a smile, could but quiet the fever of my mind—but it is impossible—impossible."

"Dearest Theresa, do not talk so strangely," said Miss Trevelyan with eagerness,—for in the exalted rectitude of her own mind, she conceived Theresa's words to mean no more than the contrite sorrows of a pious heart;—"do not so injure yourself—do not so injure your God as to think he will not listen to the

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prayer of faith, although it proceeds from a troubled soul."

Just then, Trevelyan, hoping the first agitation of the meeting was over, returned. ' On seeing Miss Trevelyan's unusually flushed cheeks and tearful eyes, and Theresa on her knees by her side, he hardly knew whether to advance or retire. "We are at our confessions," said Miss Trevelyan, smiling; and holding out her hand towards her brother, "I am trying to reconcile our poor wanderer to herself."

Theresa, well aware that Trevelyan might but too well guess at the real cause of her self-accusations, did not dare to meet his eyes, but hid her face on Miss Trevelyan's pillow. "Calm yourself, dear Theresa," said she, "it is I who have agitated you by talking in a manner which, perhaps, is not fair, for I am conscious I must see death and all connected with it, in a very different light from those who are still in the heyday of life; for having so long looked it in the face, it has really

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become 'mine own familiar friend:' but we will talk no more of these things now; and here is poor Frederick, to whom I have not yet spoken."

Still Theresa wept on; — Trevelyan approached her — Sanctioned by the presence of his sister, he ventured to press her hand to his lips, to hold it clasped in his; and Miss Trevelyan, whose pure mind saw in his caresses to her weeping friend, no more than the commiserating kindness of pity, thanked heaven that the poor exile was again restored to his care.

How long they continued thus, Trevelyan certainly could not have told; for those delightful moments, during which he felt as if his heart was united to Theresa's, passed by too quickly for him to be able to take any cognizance of their flight. At last, little St. Ives running in, put an end to this general feeling of sadness and sentiment. "Pretty lady crying,"

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said he; "is the pretty lady naughty? Papa, what has she done?"

"Tell the pretty lady, St. Ives," said Miss Trevelyan, smiling, "that I will forgive her, if she will behave better in future."

"If you good, you may get up," said the child, in a coaxing tone, as he put his little arms round Theresa's neck. Theresa raised her head, and fondly kissing the boy, "Come," said she, "you and I will go and play together in the garden," and quickly rising from her knees, as she seized his hand, she was out of the room and down the veranda steps in a minute.

When thus left *tête-à-tête*, their hearts both full of Theresa, Trevelyan felt almost bound to impart to his sister his doubts and fears respecting her; but he shrunk from the task, for it seemed to him that, in giving expression to those fears, he should embody them into reality, and it was too sweet to his ears to listen to her kind expressions with regard to

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their prodigal child, for him voluntarily to throw out hints respecting her, which would necessarily disturb the affectionate interest she inspired.

Before long, John appeared with the luncheon, and little St. Ives's repast. "Go and fetch your child," said Miss Trevelyan to her brother, "for I am sure it is already full late for his dinner, and his companion also had much better take something."

Trevelyan was nothing loth to obey his sister's orders, and soon joined Theresa in the garden. Her cheeks were still wet with tears, and although she was talking gaily to the child, her eyes were fixed with an abstracted melancholy gaze on those scenes which recalled so much to her stricken mind. "I am sent to summon you to luncheon," said Trevelyan; "for my sister thinks that both the playfellows will be much the better for a little refreshment.

"Send in St. Ives," said Theresa in a low

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voice to Trevelyan, as she took his arm, "and stay here a minute or two with me, for I am not yet fit to encounter your sister.

The boy ran into the house, and they were left alone. Theresa walked slowly towards the parapet-wall, and then stopped. "How much does that beautiful Thames, so calmly gliding by, say to me!" she mournfully exclaimed, after a moment's pause.

"And to me too, Theresa," said Trevelyan, "do you think it says nothing?"

It was the first time that he had, notwithstanding her injunction, called her Theresa, and the sound, as it escaped his lips, gave a strange thrill to his heart.

"This time seven years," she continued, as if she had not noticed his words, "you were rowing me and poor Treevy on that same lovely Thames.—What a happy being I then was!—I *would* seek for greater happiness—and I found — what those must find, who seek for that which does not exist."

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Theresa, quite overpowered by her feelings, covered her face with her handkerchief, and wept so bitterly, that Trevelyan, supporting her with his arm, led her to the bench under the Catalpa tree.—To that well-known spot, where she had so often in days of yore listened (alas! too carelessly) to the counsels and pious exhortations of her friend. They sat for some time in silence.—All around them spoke of change and decay; for the garden, unvisited by its owner, was totally neglected, and a few persevering roses alone still made their way through the grass and nettles which had overgrown the parterres.

"Poor Treevy!" Theresa at length exclaimed, "I see it is many a day since she has been here! Oh! what a wretch I am to murmur at my lot, when I see her enduring so patiently such tortures!—and how unreasonable we are! for, would you believe it," she continued—"miserably suffering as she is, I envy your sister—I envy her those strange

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feelings of enthusiasm which support her so wonderfully through all her trials, although I must own I can neither enter into, nor indeed, comprehend them; for she appears to me to live in a perfect dream; and yet—I cannot help feeling reverence for her delusion."

"Delusion! do you call it?" inquired Trevelyan.

"Yes, surely," replied Theresa quickly; "why none but the fanatical martyrs of old, or some half mad devotee, ever looked upon bodily torture, and death, in the light she does; and I must confess, if it is religion which does all that for her, it is a religion of which I can form no idea!—*cela me passe!*"

Trevelyan sighed. "Allow my sister, dear, dear Lady Herbert," said he, "to let you into the secrets of that extraordinary religion, the effects of which you acknowledge you admire, and even envy. Oh! let her—as I am sure she can—speak peace to your wounded mind."

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Trevelyan had taken Theresa's hand in his, and looked earnestly in her face.

"Well, we will see what can be done," said she, with a most bewitching smile; "I will try and be what you wish—at least try and be better than I am now, which I fear will not be difficult,"—and resuming a look of gaiety—"but we will talk no more about these things at present, for we should return to Treevy; I think I feel more equal to encountering her now, and I promise I will not again behave so like a fool, nor treat you with any more of my childish nonsense.

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CHAPTER III.

Think not temptation comes i'th' form of sorrow,
In that of pain, of sickness, or misfortune:
'Tis long since Satan tried them all on Job,
And better learn'd to understand his trade
From being baffled. Wealth, prosperity,
The smiles, the witching pleasures of the world,
These are instruments to work with—these
Will put thee to the proof——.

Old Play.

LITTLE were Theresa and her companion aware, while they were thus engrossed, the one by her sorrows, and the other by the interest of the moment, of the many eyes which had, during the last half hour, been fixed upon them from the window of the neighbouring house.

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Miss Brown happened to be just stepping into Mrs. Hopkins's, when they drove up to Miss Trevelyan's door, and she entered open-mouthed on the subject.

"For goodness sake, my dear ma'am," she exclaimed, in prodigious bustle, on reaching her friend's drawing-room, "can you tell me whose carriage that is which is just arrived at Miss Trevelyan's, with a lady and gentleman, and a sweet little boy?"

"Carriage!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins, starting from her seat and hurrying to the window, while every feeling of her soul was instantly roused into expectation and wonder.

"I saw them get out," continued Miss Brown, "and I thought the gentleman looked like Lord Launceston."

"Oh, no!" said Mrs. Hopkins, significantly shaking her head; "that is not Lord Launceston's carriage. Why there are no arms upon it—no crest, nor coronet."

"No, indeed—no more there are," said her

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friend, ashamed of her own extraordinary dullness in having overlooked such important circumstances: "and yet I am pretty certain it was Lord Launceston who came in it, though I could not distinguish whether it was Lady Launceston who accompanied him."

"Their carriage *may* be repairing," said Mrs. Hopkins, thoughtfully; "and they *may* have hired one during the time, but *that* is not Lord Launceston's barouche — that I can swear to — and, bless me! see! the coachman is a common job, without a livery!"

"Very true, indeed," said Miss Brown, again shocked at her want of observation. "How very strange!"

"Very unaccountable indeed!" said Mrs. Hopkins; "for Miss Trevelyan has so few visiters — in fact, I may say none — none now at least who come in carriages."

"I hear she is very ill?" said Miss Brown.

"Oh, dear, yes! quite dying," replied Mrs. Hopkins. "Dr. Hume says she cannot pos-

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sibly last many months. It is some dreadful inward complaint, I believe, but I have never inquired, for such sort of things really make one sick. I am sure I have not an idea what she does with herself, for I see nothing of her, although I am her next-door neighbour. I am not *good* enough for her, I suppose," continued Mrs. Hopkins, drawing herself up; "for I hear she is more sanctified than ever, and has struck up a great friendship with that new clergyman, Mr. Rivers, who makes every body cry, and give up going to the play. He is quite one of the high-flown, so they suit to perfection. I know it is all very well to be religious, and that sort of thing, particularly when in Miss Trevelyan's situation; but I can't help thinking it would be much better if she were to collect her neighbours around her to enliven her a little, and have now and then a cheerful rubber at cribbage or piquet.—A very nice quiet game is piquet—and there is a great deal of play in

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it, I assure you. Now, would not that sort of thing be much better for her than moping all alone? Of course," continued Mrs. Hopkins, "we all must die, that every body knows without a clergyman to come and tell one; but I cannot see any use in holding one's nose over it, as one may say, which it seems to me Miss Trevelyan does."

Little did Mrs. Hopkins know of the "peace, hope, and joy" of that being to whom, as a solace when on the brink of the grave, she would have recommended a cheerful rubber at cribbage, or a quiet game at piquet! Miss Trevelyan needed no cheering, for she had that inward "joy which passeth show," and "with which the world intermeddleth not."

Her character, in its progress towards the Christian perfection to which she had now attained, had gradually thrown off the languid melancholy which had for a time clouded her path in life and shaded her best qualities.

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She was then struggling with human infirmity, she had now obtained the mastery; and her purified spirit issued from the conflict bright and strong. The cheering sun of religion now shone on every thing around her, both in the moral and material world; and as she lay on her couch at her window, and from it beheld God's handy-works in the lovely face of Nature, she blessed Him for having so decked out her prison-house, and for giving her a heart to value His bounties. She still indeed "found tongues in trees, books in the running stream, and sermons in stones," but saw *good* in every thing.

She now even welcomed society, not perhaps that of Mrs. Hopkins; for the first requisite in social intercourse is a mutual understanding of each other's speech, and those two individuals (although next-door neighbours) certainly did not speak the same moral language; but Miss Trevelyan joyfully availed herself of the proferred friendship and visits of Mr.

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Rivers and his family, and they as readily contributed all in their power to her daily comfort. She was now no longer a solitary being. Her dwelling was no longer silent and deserted, and she felt the change with pious gratitude. Often, when the younger part of this excellent family had been thus cheering her solitude by their music or conversation, her thoughts reverted anxiously to her much-loved Theresa; and ever disposed to self-accusation, she now lamented over those former solitary habits, which had not only prevented her deriving all the comfort and pleasure which she might from the society of her young friend, but had also so much circumscribed her own powers of being of use to her. When visited by these, now useless regrets, many a fervent prayer did she put up to heaven for the absent object of her solicitude—for that misguided Theresa, who the while, careless of herself, was madly courting

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those very dangers which her anxious friend was deprecating for her.

It was during the agitating meeting between this long-lost Theresa and her dying friend that Mrs. Hopkins' conversation with Miss Brown relative to her neighbour's mental resources took place; and they were still descanting on the merits of piquet as a preparation for death, when the appearance of Trevelyan in his sister's garden put a stop to the discussion, by instantly attracting the attention of the lynx-eyed Mrs. Hopkins.

"Why I do declare, there is a gentleman walking down Miss Trevelyan's lawn," said she; "and sure enough, as you say, it is Lord Launceston himself."

The two friends immediately left their seats, and hurried to the window, that they might not lose the most trivial circumstance which could throw any light on the job coachman and mysterious carriage.

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"See, see!" exclaimed Miss Brown, after having watched Trevelyan for some time in silence, as he stood gazing on the view before him; "there now is the very person who came with Lord Launceston standing by him —but I am sure it is not Lady Launceston."

"Oh, dear no, it is not at all like her!" said Mrs. Hopkins, evidently at fault; "but wait till I get my opera glass, and then I'll tell you. Why, bless me!—I declare!—I do believe that it is Miss Howard! Lady Herbert Leslie as is! Why, I thought she had been taken prisoner by Buonaparte, for intriguing with his generals; but I am quite certain it is Miss Howard. And so it seems Lord Launceston and she came down together cheek by jowl!"—and the friends looked eagerly in each other's faces for the mutual corroboration of their scandalous suspicions.

"Very extraordinary, an't it?—and pray notice how they are standing together arm in arm in such a strange familiar manner. There,

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now she is crying!—what ridiculous affectation!" said Miss Brown, shrugging up her shoulders. "And I do declare he is actually taking her round the waist—and only look how close he is sitting to her on the bench, staring her full in the face; I never saw any thing like it! why it is quite disagreeable, and really one hardly knows which way to look!"

Mrs. Hopkins, however, soon settled the point as to the direction in which to turn her offended eyes, by fixing them still more effectually, through the medium of her glass, on the objects of her curiosity.—"Now do observe how impudently she looks at him," said she, and what a strange, flaunting, frenchified figure she is, with her long greasy ringlets and her reticule; and there they are off together again arm-in-arm! Well, it is all vastly pretty, really, and mighty creditable to Miss Trevelyan countenancing such doings. I have often heard," continued Mrs. Hopkins, "that

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my Lady Herbert was no better than she should be; for you know when Lord Herbert, poor man, was killed abroad, she went off with the French General who had run him through the body. Don't you remember hearing all about that affair, which happened, I think, about five or six years ago? What she has been doing with herself since, I don't know, but no good probably; and I certainly had no idea that the Launceston family ever would, or indeed *could*, have countenanced her again.—Miss Trevelyan too with her, prodigious sanctity!"

"Oh, but that is always the way with those saints," rejoined Miss Brown; "they positively prefer the society of women of bad character, because, I suppose, they have something to preach to them about, and hope for the honour of their conversion; but dear preserve me! all the world knew formerly that Colonel Trevelyan and Miss Howard flirted together at a great rate,—only, as he was not

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then a Lord, nor had any prospect of being one at that time, probably she thought she had better not let a Marquis's son slip through her fingers."

"By the bye!" exclaimed Mrs. Hopkins with a look of ecstasy, such as might be imagined to illumine the countenance of a discoverer of the longitude! "this is the history of the carriage without arms or livery! Pretty doings indeed! and I am sure I pity poor dear Lady Launceston from my heart; she is, I understand, a most excellent exemplary person, and poor woman, cannot, I am sure, be a very happy one!"

How lucky it is that there are such good thick walls of separation between neighbours! between those who are instructed "to love each other as brethren! to prefer one another in honour."

On the other side of this very necessary partition which divided Mrs. Hopkins from Miss Trevelyan, the latter was from her couch

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watching with a smile of affection her nephew, little St. Ives, as with a most voracious appetite he was devouring his roast chicken and currant tart—old deaf John waiting in due form behind his little lordship's chair; after having, in consideration of his clean frock and trousers, bound him up in his napkin, till he could scarcely breathe or move.

"Oh, here comes the pretty lady and papa," said St. Ives; "and here's some good tart for the pretty lady."

"No, dear boy, no tart for me, I cannot eat," said Theresa; then suddenly observing John, she hastened up to him, and kindly shaking the old man by the hand, said, "How do you do, John? I am very glad to see you looking so well; why you are as young as ever."

"I am sure, my Lady, I may return the compliment," retorted old John, most gallantly, and grinning from ear to ear, "for really your Ladyship looks quite buxom-like—I can't say as much for *us*," he added in a

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lower voice, shaking his head, and looking mournfully towards his emaciated mistress; "and I hope my Lord is well, and all the little lords and ladies, if so be there is any."

"Quite well, thank you, we are all quite well," replied Theresa hastily, in order to put an end to his queries.

"Ay, and I dare say none of you sorry to be home again," continued John, "for England is the only Christian-like place to live in after all, and I dare say your Ladyship was sadly put about in them French countries, having nothing set comfortable for you; indeed I have heard, (but whether it is true I don't know, and I really can hardly credit the story,) that they never rub down their tables in France, and that they have no such thing as livery servants."

"Yes indeed, John," replied Theresa, endeavouring to check a laugh, "both these reports are but too true."

John threw up his eyes to heaven—"Lord

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help us! what will this world come to!"—then observing St. Ives had finished his repast, he, postponing for the moment the remainder of his reflections on revolutions, and livery servants, set to work to wash his little master's face and hands, while Theresa wandered round the room, looking earnestly on every well-remembered object connected with her past life.

"Ah, there is my old friend the guitar, I see," said she, taking it up from the piano forte, "and all gone to wreck and ruin like its former owner; for its strings now seem only to jar, and can give pleasure to no one," —she paused and gave a deep sigh. But in a minute, making an effort to cast off the melancholy reflections to which the sight of the broken instrument had given rise, she resumed, in a more cheerful tone, "The guitar, however, can at all events be put to rights, so I will take it away with me and new string it, and the next time I come and see you, dear Treevy, I will sing all your old favourites."

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During the remainder of her visit, Theresa was, to all appearance, the light-hearted being of former days, and these assumed spirits again reassuring Miss Trevelyan, she gazed on her with the tenderest feelings of affection, in blissful ignorance of the many sad changes which had taken place in her young friend.

There was, in short, a mysterious attraction about Theresa which no one with any heart could resist. The very circumstance of her varying, uncertain spirits, and the wild ebullitions of feeling or thoughtlessness to which she alternately gave way, increased the interest which she could not fail to inspire by the addition of doubt and anxiety. A doubt, however, unmixed with any suspicion of intended deception on her part, for her mind was like her complexion, perfectly transparent; and indeed it was this very artlessness of character which gave rise to the feeling of uncertainty about her; as, in utter carelessness of consequences or interpretations, she yielded to

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every passing sensation, and thus frequently betrayed feelings, which one less guileless, and possessing more of this world's wisdom, would have carefully concealed.

It was now time to begin to think of departure, although every one concerned contemplated with reluctance the end of a visit which had in different ways been so agreeable to them all. As for Theresa, she felt as if, during the last few hours, she had breathed a purer moral air; and the degree of innate rectitude which still clung to her, made her welcome its refreshing influence on her soul, although she had not courage to act up to the better feelings which it had for the moment inspired, or to extricate herself from the life of unprincipled thoughtlessness in which she had now been so long entangled.

"God bless and preserve you, my dearest Theresa!" said Miss Trevelyan at parting, "and let me see you soon again, the sight of you does me so much good."

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As Theresa returned her friend's kind embrace, and looked at the slim transparent hand which held her's, she was but too well aware that if she wished again to behold her the visit must not indeed be long deferred; and carried away by the feelings which the sight of the patient sufferer had excited, she at the minute fancied she would willingly have devoted her whole existence to her afflicted protectress, and thus endeavoured to expiate her past follies by a life of piety and seclusion.

The party entered the carriage, and drove from the door in silence. For Trevelyan noticed with too much pleasure the present emotions of Theresa's heart, to wish to disturb the reverie in which he saw she was absorbed, and being himself also depressed and pre-occupied, he willingly left her to her own reflections. Before long St. Ives' little head began to nod with sleep, and Trevelyan, fearful he might fall, endeavoured, but in vain, to prop him up with the cushions of the carriage.

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"Let him come and sit by me," said Theresa, whose attention was at last attracted towards her companions, "and I will wrap him up in my cloak that he may not catch cold."

The drowsy child was placed at her side; she put her arm round him, and thus carefully skreened from the air, he soon fell into a profound sleep on her shoulder. She gazed on him for some time in silence, and then wiping away a tear which had fallen on his rosy cheek from her's—"Poor child!" said she, "how happy! how peaceful he looks!—long may that peaceful happiness last!" Trevelyan, much affected, did not speak, and not another word was uttered by either of them until the rattling noise of the carriage on the stones of London, disagreeably broke the trance into which they had both fallen.

There is a silence between those of congenial minds, still more delightful perhaps than the intercourse of conversation. Not the most evanescent impulse of Theresa's mutable soul

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escaped Trevelyan's observation, and she—when not wholly engrossed by her own—read instinctively his every feeling. In short there seemed to be still some mysterious link between them, which Fate herself could not break, although she had for a time appeared to counteract her own design by separating two beings so formed for each other, and who appeared to have been thrown together, purposely to secure the good and happiness of both. This unnatural contention seemed however now at an end, and each weary heart to be permitted to find in the other that repose of which it had been so long in search.

And when thus once again enjoying the luxury of sympathy; Trevelyan believed he could so discipline his mind as to raise his affections for Theresa above all selfish considerations, and be content to make her good and happiness his first object in life, independent of his own.

Emboldened by this self-deceiving thought,

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he now ventured to gaze on his abstracted companion, and as he fancied, he read in the softened expression of her eyes, and the sadness visible in her eloquent countenance, indications of altered feelings, he gave way to the most flattering hopes for the future, when he should behold the object of his solicitude again restored to peace and happiness, and have tutored himself into content. In the virtuous enthusiasm of the moment, Trevelyan possibly gave himself credit for much more philosophy than he in fact possessed—but his very mistake was to his honour; and strangely palsied must be the heart of that man, who can look on his favourite child nursed in the arms of the woman he has loved, and remain unmoved.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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